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CLOT™

Volume 1 Number 7 Magazine

SUICIDAL TENDENCIES

OBITUARY

24-7 SPYZ

THE MAGAZINE FOR ERYTHROPOIETINIACS

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with special guests
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October 11
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October 16
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Sept. 13 & 14	*Robert Plant* and *The Black Crowes* at Red Rocks
Sept. 14	*Leviathan* and *Honest Ingin* at the Broadway
Sept. 15	*Circle Jerks* and *The Weirdos* at C.I.S.C.
Sept. 15	*Angellic Rage* and *Zadex* at the Broadway
Sept. 18	*Extreme* and *Alice in Chains* at the Gothic Theatre
Sept. 19	*Apparition* at the Broadway
Sept. 22	*Vio-lence* and *Defiance* at C.I.S.C.
Sept. 22	*The Gathering*, *Malice in Wonderland*, *Timepiece* and *Million to One* at the Gothic Theatre
Sept. 23	*Assault* and *Angellic* Rage at Bangles
Sept. 24	*Death*, *Pestilence*, and *Carcass* at the Gothic Theatre
Sept. 24	*Leviathan* at Bangles
Sept. 25	*Honest Ingin* and *Apparition* at After the Goldrush
Oct. 2	*Nick Cave and the Bad Seeds* at the Gothic Theatre
Oct. 3	*Social Distortion* at the Gothic Theatre
Oct. 6	*Apparition* at the Broadway
Oct. 6	*Firehose* at the Gothic Theatre
Oct. 8	*Leviathan* at Bangles
Oct. 12	*Malice in Wonderland* and *Choosey Mothers* at the Broadway
Oct. 17	*Faith No More* and *Billy Idol* at McNichols Arena
Oct. 19 & 20	*Leviathan* at Bangles
Oct. 20	*GWAR* and *Agony Column* at the Gothic Theatre
Oct. 29	*Leviathan* at Bangles
Oct. 31	*Scaterd-Few* at Ground Zero (Boulder)
Nov. 7	*Sonic Youth* at the Gothic Theatre
Nov. 20	*Judas Priest*, *Megadeth* and *Testament*

Got a gig you want to have listed? Give us a call at 450-9380 and leave a message.

Andrew E. Frey—Editor

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By Brian Cooper

Cupcakes & Corndogs, Kitkats & Beer

Yes, we here at CLOT believe in a very nutritious diet. We believe in high-grade junk food, although it sometimes makes us ill, as you can see by the photo above. I haven't regurgitated that hard since that one night I can't remember!

Damn, we've actually made it to issue #7. After the agony and the intense episodes of sleep deprivation, I often have to wonder if it's all worth it. Hell, at this rate I'll have gray hair by the time I'm 25!

Hopefully you learn something from each issue of CLOT (whether you admit it or not). Each issue gives you new information and new opinions, plus a laugh or two to make it all slide down a bit better. I can't say what the effect will be on you, but I hope there is one.

Got some new stuff comin' at you this issue. Top of the list is the Sportz Report column, which this month covered the Denver Grand Prix. In future issues, topics such as skateboarding and snowboarding will be covered.

The reviews are bigger and better than ever before. We've added 'zine reviews, comic reviews, and video reviews, so if any of you out there have any of these you want reviewed, send 'em on in!

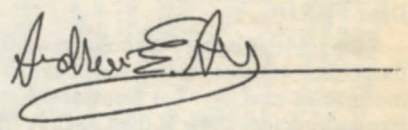
Orchestration Observation talks about the 50th annual Sturgis Motorcycle Rally. More bikers than you can imagine from what I hear.

The other interesting feature we have this month is the story on the hemp tour. This is a pretty hot topic right now, especially considering all the hype on the drug war.

It's too bad more people don't "Just say know," rather than "Just say no." Education is the key. You certainly don't learn much when you say "no." Not that I'm advocating the use of drugs, 'cause I'm not, and that's not the point. The point is, if you have questions about things, go to the library and research them, or go to a museum and learn about them, or in this case, go visit the hemp tour exhibit and learn about our little green friend.

Also I would like to encourage people to write to CLOT Magazine. Many options are available. Send art, photos, stories, letters to FRXD, letters to the editor, or maybe some baked goods.

Sleepin' on my feet...



LETTERS TO FRXD

Dearest FRXD,

I'm drowning in confusion. I love heavy metal music, actually speed metal, thrash, hardcore, anything with insane guitar playing, but I'm getting lured into the state of religion. In the Christian church, you are considered a satanist if you listen to heavy metal music or do drugs or just about anything that they could call evil. The truth is I don't give a shit about Satan. I believe in Jesus (I'm proud to admit), but it's hell for me when the church people tell me what's right from wrong, what I should and shouldn't do, wear or listen. I mean is heavy metal wrong? Is going to V.D. concerts a sin? I don't seem to understand the whole issue. I'm not a devil worshipper, even though I know a lot about the devil through the Bible and probably through Slayer and Possessed, and I'm not a constant church-goer. I just don't want to think what I do or listen to is wrong. Maybe there are other people that feel the same way. This sucks.

Sincerely,

Purgatory (Roman Catholic)

Dear Purgatory:

Unfortunately, a lot of religions are designed to keep their flocks in line—or at least in the church. Guilt and fear are the methods used to ensure that people don't start blowing off church and spending their money on things like concerts and records instead. That's the real issue: competition between the church and other businesses for your dollars. If the Bible is where you find your inspiration, read it and see for yourself what it says to you (why do you need someone else to interpret it for you, which is what many churches do?)—and the same with the music you listen to. As far as this Satan thing goes...well, as they say, feces occur, and you've got to blame it on something.

Never fear,

FRXD

Troubles with your incubator, muscle spasms, or your grout?

Let FRXD (Fred with an "X") help!

FRXD can answer questions about anything. From overstimulation, to music questions to the theory of relativity. Let FRXD be the fiend in your future.

Let FRXD help. Just write:

FRXD
c/o CLOT Magazine
PO Box 33330
Northglenn, CO 80233

Dear FRXD,

While browsing through the pages of your mag one night, I came across a photo of Larry, the bassist for Ed Hall. I looked for the Warlock Pinchers/Ed Hall show review at the Garage a few weeks ago, but found nothing. This made me wonder, why did you not review the show? And then it hit me, and everything was clear again. To publish a magazine, one must publish the facts, the truth. And to say that the Pinchers put on a fantastic show would be a lie. Seeing how prone you guys are to worshipping the Pinchers, it would be embarrassing to say that Ed Hall is the most important band of the decade. Warlock Pinchers look like moldy pubic patch in Tiffany's crack. It would be an insult to your magazine to publish this, the truth. The facts, and how bad they may seem, are sometimes better unpublished. Eh guys? So in conclusion, you basically told your reading audience that the Pinchers did, in fact, suck the toe jelly from between all thirty toes that made the feet of Ed Hall by not publishing the view. Face it: irony is not working in your favor. Your magazine is still good, however.

Sincerely,

The Miserable Dead

P.S. The pix of Wretched Refuse is Wes Complen, not Brian.

Dear FRXD:

I thought that using your column would be the perfect way to warn you and other faithful moshers of exactly what went down at the Exodus/Suicidal show at the CISC. A friend and I got our tickets, but when we showed up were told that we had bleacher tix and that we could not enter the floor area. In other words, we could not mosh! Now the last concert I went to at the CISC was in the basketball gym, not in the hockey rink, so not being warned by the ticket seller that there would be reserved seating from the floor, this headbanger was caught unaware and was quite pissed off! Most of the trouble started when people started jumping the walls of the rink, only to become punching bags for the Events Staff, while others who just wanted an explanation were rudely told to sit down and shut up. Now the show was very good and loud, and I did succeed in making it into the pit during most of the show. I just think a warning of some kind should have been given by the person selling the tixs, or it could have been on the flyer. I give my immense hatred to the staff of the CISC and hope they will not stop the mosh.

Sincerely,

Sean "Chainsaw" R.

Chainsaw

For the inside poop on what went down that night and why, refer to the review of the show in this issue. And next time you're in the neighborhood, let's go saw some limbs....

Reigning Blood,

FRXD

Dear Frxd,

I noticed in CLOT #5 it said you could answer questions about anything, including a zebra's menstrual cycle. Well Frxd, I just want to know if you could enlighten me to truth about a zebra's menstrual cycle. Thanks for your time.

Sincerely,

Curious George

Dear Curious George,

After watching countless hours of documentarys on zebras, I'm sorry, but I cannot answer your question. The only thing I do know is that it's a bitch to find a feminine-protection vendor anywhere on the Serengeti Plain.

Sanitarily Yours,

FRXD

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CLOT™ Magazine is published monthly by Limit Zero Productions, Inc. PO Box 33330, Northglenn, CO 80233. Subscription rate is $24.00 USA (one year). Canadian subscriptions are $32.00 (one year), and international subscriptions are $41.00 (one year), payable in US currency. Opinions expressed in this magazine do not necessarily reflect the opinion of the Publisher. Limit Zero Productions Inc. claims no link and/or relation to any religion, organized or otherwise and denounces any connection between religion and symbolism.

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BLOODLINE

Hello all you boyz and girlz....So what's new? For starters, **Twice Wilted** gave bassist **Shanon** her walking papers. (Rule Number One: Don't fuck (literally) fellow bandmembers. The Wilted has already found a new bass player and is back to playing around town. Catch them opening for **Nick Cave and the Bad Seeds** on October 2 at the Gothic....Longtime **Violent Degenerates** guitarist **Dave Stremel** is no longer with the band. In fact, VD is no more. However, the remaining trio will forge onward, under the name **Masoschism**....Retro-punkers **Asbestosaurus**, famous for their **Misfits** covers (not to mention that donkey-sized dildo used for "Dickhead") are back on the scene with a new bassist, **Paul Frasl**, and guitarist, **Andy Spoonhour**....The **Warlock Pinchers** stylish "Morrissey Rides a Cockhorse" shirts are now available; get 'em while they last, at Across the Trax....**Anathema** also has a new two-color T featuring the cover of their "Knife and Gun Club" demo; Outer Limits is the place ....Did anyone catch "Denver's newest, heaviest rappers," **Static Incision** Labor Day night at Rock Island?....Anybody out there remember **Soldierz of Destruction** (Hit song: "Diahrrea! Diahrrea! You may think it's funny but it's really sick and runny. Diahrrea!")? Former SOD vocalist **Danny Montoya** sez he's getting a new band together; whether it will include other former SOD members is unknown....Speaking of which, **The Unknown** has just released a 4-song demo and are seeking a new bass player...."Big Records Recording Artists" **Big Head Todd and the Monsters** have allegedly released an album called "Midnight Radio." Has anybody out there heard it yet?....For something different, check out the basement action at the Garage at 23 Parrish on Wednesday nights....Original Projects has appointed **Ronda Lee** as head of its new booking agency, which is lining up all shows for the Broadway. **Diana Stangfeld** is heading up OP's Publicity and Promotions department....Good old Z-ROCK has added a satellite magazine to complement its satellite programming, which means it's the same shit in all the cities that carry the station. The first issue of the free mag (which will come out bimonthly) features reviews, interviews and much hype in general....Fey Concerts owner **Barry Fey** proved he has a cool side (or at least a healthy dose of self-interest) on August 20 when evangelist **Steve Peters** hit town for an album burning at Calvary Temple. For three hours Fey counter-demonstrated, carrying a sign which read "First they burn books and then they burn people" and "This is how Hitler started."....**Jux County** spent the summer on tour throughout the Southwest and Northwest. The band reports that response was good but crowds small, and that bucks were scarce. But they had a good time, made lot of new connections, and learned an important lesson: Next time hire a booking agent....**Gypsy Rose** debuted a video, "Poisoned by Love," in early September. Now hear this: This is NOT the local band Gypsy Rose!! What ever happened to those posers, anyhow?....News from the international front: **Faith No More** vocalist **Michael Patton** was yanked from the stage in Italy August 29 on the Monsters of Rock tour. His crime? Making "derogatory comments" about **Aerosmith** and **Poison**. The band didn't get to play the show, but was not kicked off the tour. You can catch them with **Billy Idol** at McNichols next month, but don't expect an arena show to give you a true taste of this imminently moshable and magnificent band....In case you haven't heard, **Judas Priest** has been found "not guilty" of all charges at the end of a month-long trial in which they were accused of causing a suicide and an attempted suicide via their music. The news is encouraging, but just the fact that the case went to trial at all is proof positive that the battle has only begun....Speaking of trials, the Denver City Attorney dropped the charges ("Refusal to obey a lawful order") brought against Editor-At-Large **Roxanna Alday** (**Rx** to you) following the bust of last summer's **Crash Worship** performance at the defunct Sage Museum. The show's promoter, **Paul Dickerson** of We Never Sleep, still faces five basically bogus charges. Keep your eyes open for flyers advertising benefit shows organized to help with his legal bills....Devotees of Nottingham's cutting-edge Earache Records should be interested to hear that the label is at work on a project with Manchester's **Mighty Force**, an industrial-type dance band that uses samples from **Public Enemy** and **Carcass**....**Metallica** is scheduled to go into the studio October 1. The producer for the new album has yet to be named....There was a lot of great metal put out during the pre-spandex Seventies; slated for re-issue: A trio of **Deep Purple** albums and three by **Alice Cooper**, all on Metal Blade, and a whole gob of **Motorhead** and **Uriah Heep** albums on Roadracer Revisited. Adios to all and to all a good-night (of the living dead). —CLOT STAFF

Letters to the Editor

THIS THING CALLED CENSORSHIP

What is all this hype lately about censorship? This is nothing new. So what's the big deal? We in the underground have been fighting this battle for many years. I myself have put out records ten years ago that would make 2 Live Crew welcome in any home. Our society would like you to believe that they are as nasty as it gets. But what it all comes down to is a game for the media, set up by our lame, stagnating society to divert your attention away from the real corruption that is going on against people like myself in the American system—we who are not afraid to challenge their boring morals and values and get blood on our hands in the process. The American public being the robots that they are, like suckers, fall into this trap. Meanwhile the true non-conformists in the underground get railroaded to the point of breakup, financial decline or jailed unjustly as I have been. Not that anyone doesn't have a right to sing about or say whatever they want, because censorship in any form is out of the question. The law has no right to decide that for us.

But let's not turn it into commercialism to the point of forgetting what is really happening to us in the real underground of rock and roll. I have already spent time in jails for what all of these people are now crying about. When I get out of prison I face four more charges (that I know of) in three other states. One is for threatening the life of my audience. Even back in 1982 I was arrested for inciting a riot, and for indecent exposure. Jails and hospitals are just part of a G.G. Allin tour. But because my shows are so brutally real, it scares the shit out of people. But reality is not a pretty sight. So as you can see, these others get rich off the media, and I rot in prison because of the cover up.

But rock and roll today is nothing but political ass-kissing anyway. If I was Jello Biafra, the Red Hot Chili Peppers or whoever, I would have the backing of all the music press behind me. But I am the dagger in everyone's back. I am a rock-and-roll embarrassment because I refuse to play by the rules. I create my own. I'm uncool, unclean and unacceptable to the always-cool music biz folks and the law alike. So as it stands, I fight my war alone. But fight I will because I am the only hope and future of what the underground of rock and roll is all about. I am the commanding leader whether anyone likes it or not.

So for all you people who are so worried about being banned or having your record pulled from stores, well I have no pity for you. I've been down that road my whole life.

Try spending some time in prison for your rock and roll.

G.G. Allin, 206045
Adrian, MI Prison Facility

Editor:

Sorry, Andy, but you can have this back. "Disappointed," "disgusted" and "appalled" barely begin to describe the way we feel about your publication. Sometime you need to take a long and sober look at what you're writing.

Rita Rabenberg
Debbie & Nick Arndt
Lanita & Nyle Herbener

Editor:

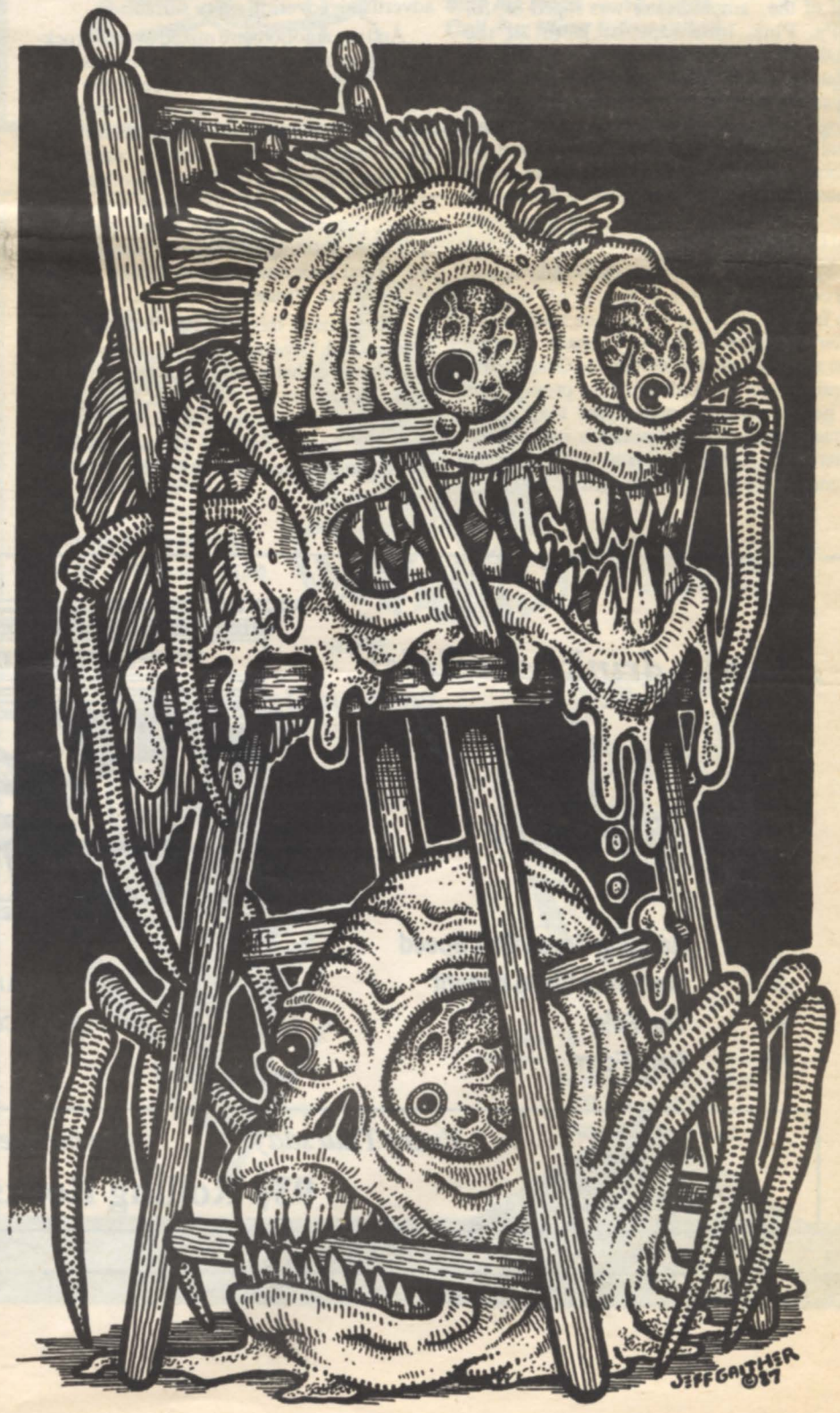
The story on locals promoters in the last issue was great! The writer knew his shit, and this is an area that gets too little exposure (the behind-the-scenes stuff involved in rock and roll.) I really thought some of the stories were bad, though. How about more articles on local bands and the underground, alternative scene?

Rock On,

Janice Villano

To Whom It May Concern:

c/o CLOT Magazine
PO Box 33330
Northglenn, CO 80233



Sportz Report

Prix View

By KGB

Give me fast cars, rock & roll, smoke & danger, and beautiful women, but you can keep the Texaco/Havoline/MTV/Chevrolet/Marlboro/Denver Grand Prix. I already absorb enough advertising, thank you very much, and ad dollars are what the Prix was really all about: Just walking around the track was an intensive, mind-numbing indoctrination into capitalism. Every barricade, every race car, and 'most every spectator was splashed with the ugliness that is corporate sponsorship.

MTV was there, providing the only comic relief in an otherwise cynical, self-important event. Motley Crue's Vince Neil and Tommy Lee (who, along with other participating rocks stars attended a special driving school in order to participate in the event) ran away with the Celebrity Challenge race, and some damage was done to the Geo Storms provided by Chevrolet. Various members of Slaughter, Scorpions, Skid Row, etc. circled the track in identically prepared cars at speeds that looked ridiculously slow on TV. (Actually the average lap speed achieved by Neil was only 26 miles per hour slower than Grand Prix winner Al Unser Jr.'s.) Incidentally, Skid Row's Sebastian Bach attended the race but didn't participate, since he doesn't know how to drive a stick-shift.

I was amused also that MTV ran their taped coverage of the celebrity race directly opposite the ABC live coverage of the Prix itself—it was a refreshing finger in the face of the stifling corporate atmosphere.

But MTV disappointed, too. The MTV-sponsored Joe Walsh concert in Civic Center Park was a fiasco. Tickets were too expensive ($35 for Joe Walsh? Get real.), the show started more than two hours late, and the front half of the amphitheater was roped off for VIPs. Plus, let's face it: With all the musicians in town for the race at MTV's bequest, you'd almost expect a few guest appearances at an MTV sponsored concert, right? Well, only Walsh and his anonymous band showed up, looking tired. No Crue, no Scorps, no jamming down, no camera crews preserving the show for national broadcast. The crowd left the amphitheater grim-faced and muttering.

I must admit, however, that I didn't go to the concert in person. In fact, I only went to the free practice day at the race track itself. After rushing to meet the Wharton Group's (the agency handling PR for the Grand Prix) requirements for application for press passes (a hand-delivered copy of the mag and a request from the publisher on our official letterhead), CLOT magazine was told by the agency's Grand Prix rep (in a revealing choice of words) that media credentials were "sold out" for the race, and I couldn't bring myself to pay for the privilege of being bombarded with ads for auto lubricants and cigarettes. Instead, I watched the racing on television like most poor slobs, and later interrogated friends who went to the concert.

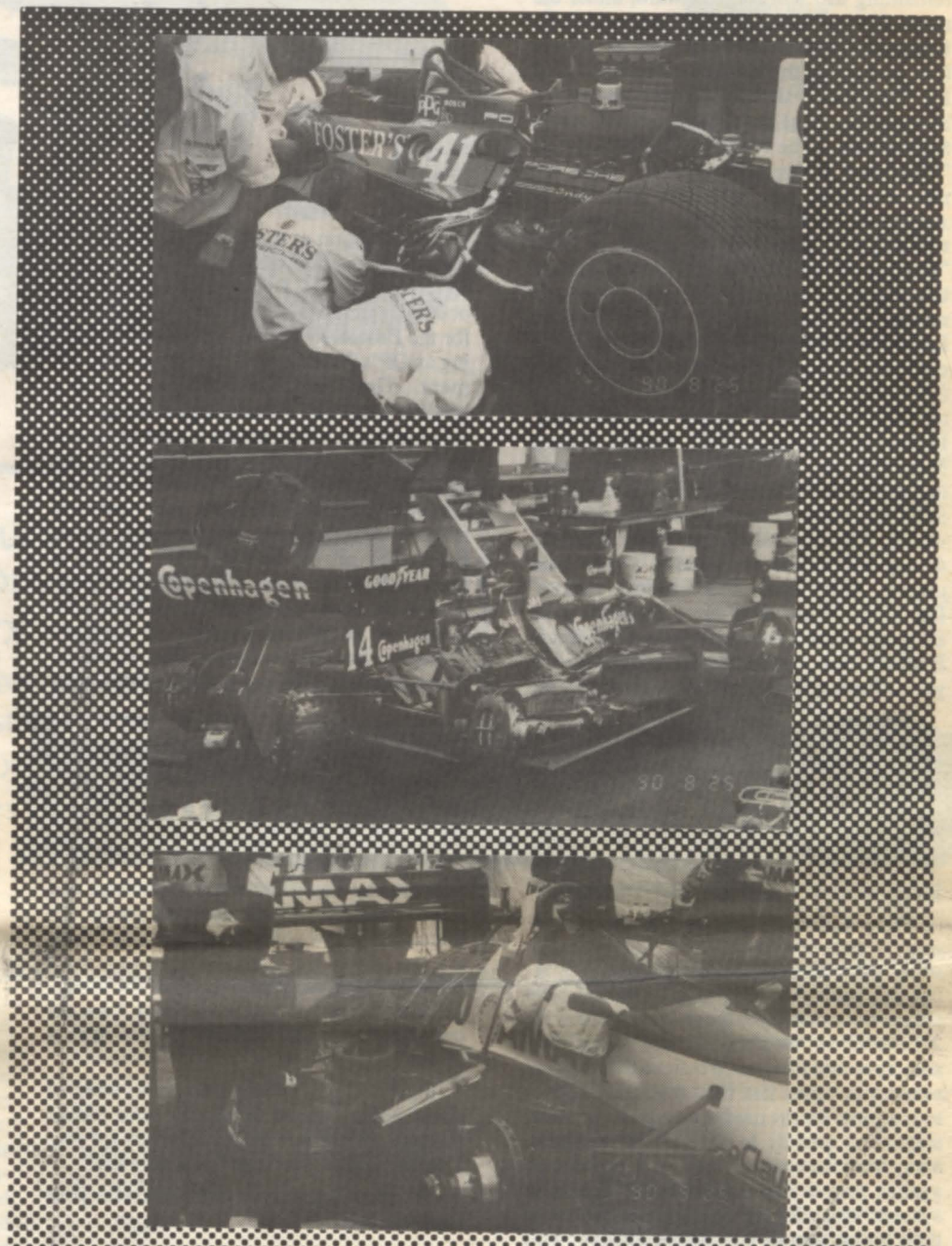
Everyone I talked to about the Grand Prix itself professed a vague appreciation for race cars in general, and expressed hope that the race would be good for Denver's stagnant economy. (It wasn't. At press time it was reported that the race lost over $1 million.) I suppose somewhere there was even a small, fanatical group that actually gave a shit about the outcome of the race. But the truth is that Denver was in the front row at this show, and the performance was going over all our heads to be given to the larger television audience.

But now it's all over, and a bunch of suits are smiling at press conferences, telling us what a success it all was; and I suppose they're right, in their own way. A lot of money undeniably did change hands; the City of Denver got a two-hour-long commercial on national TV; and (incidentally) the race itself proved to be fairly entertaining. Those cars do go fucking fast, and the sound they make accelerating is true power.

But overall, the Grand Prix left me feeling cynical and abused. I mean, when are these money-grubbing death-merchant corporations going to learn that squeezing every dollar out of an event squeezes the life out of it too? Speed and smoke and danger are better behind the wheel of a car on a mountain road than in diluted form, sitting on bleachers in downtown Denver watching the Grand Prix. The cars rip by, one after the other, their hypnotic motion slowly paralyzing your free will, numbing your mind's ability to resist the advertising covering every surface.

And my emotions are mixed over the rock-and-roll connection to this enormous corporate enterprise. The MTV celebrity race was a good time, and it was choice that they let a "bunch of long-haired degenerates" ruin a few Geo Storms on the cement barricades. But then, big-money deals and relentless self-promotion were what the event was really about. Witness Vince Neil in his post-race interview, sporting a Havoline/Texaco/ Denver Grand Prix baseball cap. Going to Disneyland next, Vince?

I don't need this bullshit. Give me real rock and roll. Give me music played by a band that's hungry, that's laying it on the line every night. Hit me in the face with some truth. Bring on those beautiful women. And you can keep the bogus Texaco/ Havoline/MTV/ establishment/ Denver Grand Prix.



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1	Hanging Trees/God Speed
7	We Never Sleep benefit
8	The Fold
14	Rare Form

Entertainment

15	Guild/Hands of God
21	Louder You Hush/4th Republic
22	World Report

KTCL played loudly

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Prize drawings

24-7 SPYZ

Photo by Andrew Frey

On August 3 The Garage at 23 Parrish was the scene for this brutal funk assault, featuring 24-7 Spyz, Primus and the Jonez. If you weren't there I'm sorry to tell you you missed one of the best alternative shows of the summer. The Jonez provided a tight opening set, followed by Primus, who tore the place apart with their Brand X style of funk, a groovin' psycho jumble. Finally the Spyz took the stage, and they were in top form —heavy, melodic and totally shin-bruising. I say this because I was in the front row, where the overly rambunctious potpourri of funking people were going berserk and pushing toward the stage, and there was no place else to go. Oh well, it's a small price to pay, because the Spyz were killer. Before the show I talked with Rick Skatore, the jumping, thumping lunatic madman in charge of bass duties; he smokes, so enjoy.

¿ = Tom (CLOT)

R = Rick Skatore

¿ I think you guys have a real good following; the Boulder show was really packed.

R: Yeah, it was.

¿ How long have the Spyz been together?

R: Since 1986, four years.

¿ Pretty big response after four years.

R: Big response after fifteen years. It was pretty hard for me and Jimmi to get our music off the ground.

¿ So you and Jimmi played together before the Spyz?

R: Yes; me, Jimmi and Peter.

¿ What other band did you all play in?

R: A band called the Outrageous.

¿ Fitting. What kind of music was it?

R: It was a cross between hard rock and rap. And there was another group called Hot Point, an R-&-B band.

¿ What kind of response have you been getting from playing in the different towns? Has it been fuckin' crazy or has it been mixed?

R: Well, it's mostly been mixed, because more people are used to the harder stuff. Now we have a new album out, and it's calmer than the way we perform at shows, but it does have its moments. The crowd is still very hyper the; people who come to check us out enjoy themselves.

¿ What is the age range?

R: The age depends on the clubs. If it's an all-ages show it will start from sixteen and up. Otherwise it will be twenty-one and up.

¿ What kind of music do you personally get into when you are just hanging out?

R: Basically I've been listening to Suicidal Tendencies. They're really happening. Extreme has a good album out, and I dig on Blow Monkeys.

¿ What inspires you guys to have such a heavy sound and such a wide variety of music?

R: I guess it's the kind of music that we listen to. My musical range is broad, real broad, from rap and soul to reggae and funk. We also include heavy metal. All four of us put together with all of our different tastes in music is what makes us.

¿ Do you have any problems with the scene being racist?

R: I have been surprised. The music scenes have changed so much, with white guys playing funk and black guys playing funk. It is opening a lot of people's minds. We have very, very few problems. I only remember this one occasion where there was this one asshole, and some girl got hurt, and he said he had a fucking gun and you niggers came here to start trouble, but this was only one guy. Then there are some people who say they don't like black people, but we are okay.

¿ Do you get offened when people refer to the Spyz as a black rock band?

R: I do get offended being labeled a black rock band; we're just a band. People don't say "white" rock band, "Polish" rock band, or anything like that. There is not a category for black rock bands, and it's not good to be labeling us as one. We can just be put in as "rock."

¿ Where does the name originate from?

R: Twenty-four hours a day, seven days a week, always thinking about some ass. We infiltrate music the way spies infiltrate countries.

¿ Any last comments to CLOT readers around the world?

R: Buy the album, make love, have peace in your heart, and smoke some killer ass doobs.

¿ Your name is Rick Skatore. Do you skate?

R: I used to. I don't skate any more.

¿ So, what's your favorite kind of snack chip?

R: Well, I would have to say beef jerkey.

¿ We'll see you later.

R: Later.

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Danzig/ Soundgarden

August 1: CISC

If I had to sum up the time I had at the Danzig/Soundgarden show in one word, the word would have to be "adrenaline." From the time Soundgarden hit the stage to the last note of Danzig's set, I experienced the rush of my life. To really appreciate Soundgarden you have to experience them live. I've heard their latest release, *Louder Than Love*, numerous times in numerous phases, but the power that was behind such songs as "Gun," "Loud Love" and "Big Dumb Sex" was more or less an I-guess-you-had-to-be-there situation. Judging by the crowd's before-show enthusiasm, I didn't think Soundgarden vocalist Chris Cornell would make it through a song without being mauled. Which in fact he did get when he enthusiastically stagedived into the crowd, and then lead himself into a frenzy circling the pit. The night so far was a madhouse of splendor, and I knew it wasn't over yet.

After a short set change, the lights went our and my sweat-wrinkled fingers gripped to prepare me for what was to come. As the opening chords to "Long Way Back From Hell" rang out in the room, the silhouettes of Danzig guitarist John Christ and bassist Eerie Von Bled through the smoke, setting the mood for a ninety-minute climax. Song after song Glenn Danzig's powerful voice and Chuck Biscuit's solid drum beats moved the audience into oblivion. With songs like "Snakes Of Christ," "777" and "Her Black Wings" off his new album, and his debut album's classics such as "Twist Of Cain," "Am I Evil" and "Mother," the night never slowed." If you haven't experienced Soundgarden or Danzig live, I highly recommend you to do so. —Joel Wojcik

Photo by Andrew Frey

Steve Sousa

Pantera/Suicidal Tendencies/ Exodus

August 23: CISC

When we pulled in to the C.I.S.C. parking lot, the line to get in went halfway down the long side of the building. After standing in line for what seemed hours and working my way through overly abundant and highly visible security goons and cops, I was told I would have to wait for the rest of the CLOT crew. While standing in the lobby I got to watch security rough people up and throw people out for asking why they didn't get arm bands and others did. This caused quite a few problems and got a few people physically removed from the show. The rest of the CLOT crowd showed up and we made our way inside to catch the last half of Pantera's show. Wow! If I had never heard of Pantera before, I would think this is all they had ever done, but forget the past. The present Pantera rages, with the heavy grinding of "Primal Concrete Sledge," which sounded great live. To the killer riffs of "Domination" I was turned into a believer.

The energy Pantera created while on stage was turned into tense anticipation the closer Suicidal Tendencies got to taking the stage. Soon some guys in the stands started fighting. Fifty or so opportunists realized that security along the walls had gone to break up the fight, and quickly made their way over the wall. This in turn started a stampede over the walls and through the gates. By the time security realized what was going on, roughly five hundred people had made their way over the wall. A few of the larger security goons went down on the floor to oust those without arm bands. I've gotta give promoter Bill Bass credit, though. When he saw what was going on, he pulled all but stage and sound-booth security. Another thing: Don't blame Fey Concerts or Bill Bass for the armbands; that was the fire marshall's fault.

At last, the moment everybody had been waiting for: Suicidal took the stage and the crowd went fucking wild. They had the crowd eating out of the palms of their hands. It's been a long time since I saw a crowd get into a band as completely as they did for Suicidal. As soon as Mike and company opened with "You Can't Bring Me Down," the crowd started singing and never stopped. Mike never stopped either, constantly pacing between songs. The crowd was whipped again into a frenzy when they did a rap version of "Join the Army." I've gotta say their song selection was great. They played music off all five albums, unlike others who played that night. It ranged from such classics as "Subliminal" and "I Want More" to the new stuff like "Lovely" and "Alone." And you know they couldn't leave without playing "I Saw Your Mommy." All in all it was and excellent show. By the end I was physically and mentally exhausted.

I would have gone home except that Exodus was up next. Now I look back on the Exodus show I wish I would have gone home and just remembered them for their show last year at Club Maxxx. The show at C.I.S.C. lacked energy; they all just milled around on stage, and the sound sucked. All you could hear was the drums, which would range from very tinny to actually sounding good, then they would change again. They didn't play enough old Exodus. They played "Brain Dead," "Piranaha," "Chemikill," and "Toxic Waltz." I must admit the "Toxic Waltz" was fucking insane. The whole floor turned into a pit, and I mean everybody was involved. When everything settled down a real pit was formed. It extended well past both ends of the stage and from the sound booth to the stage.

All in all that was the only highlight of Exodus's whole show. I think maybe Suicidal Tendencies wore the crowd out. —Eric

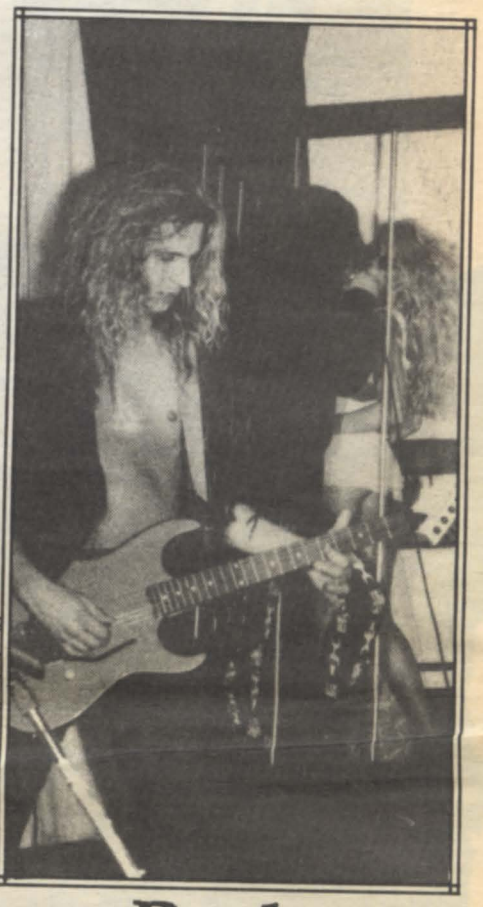
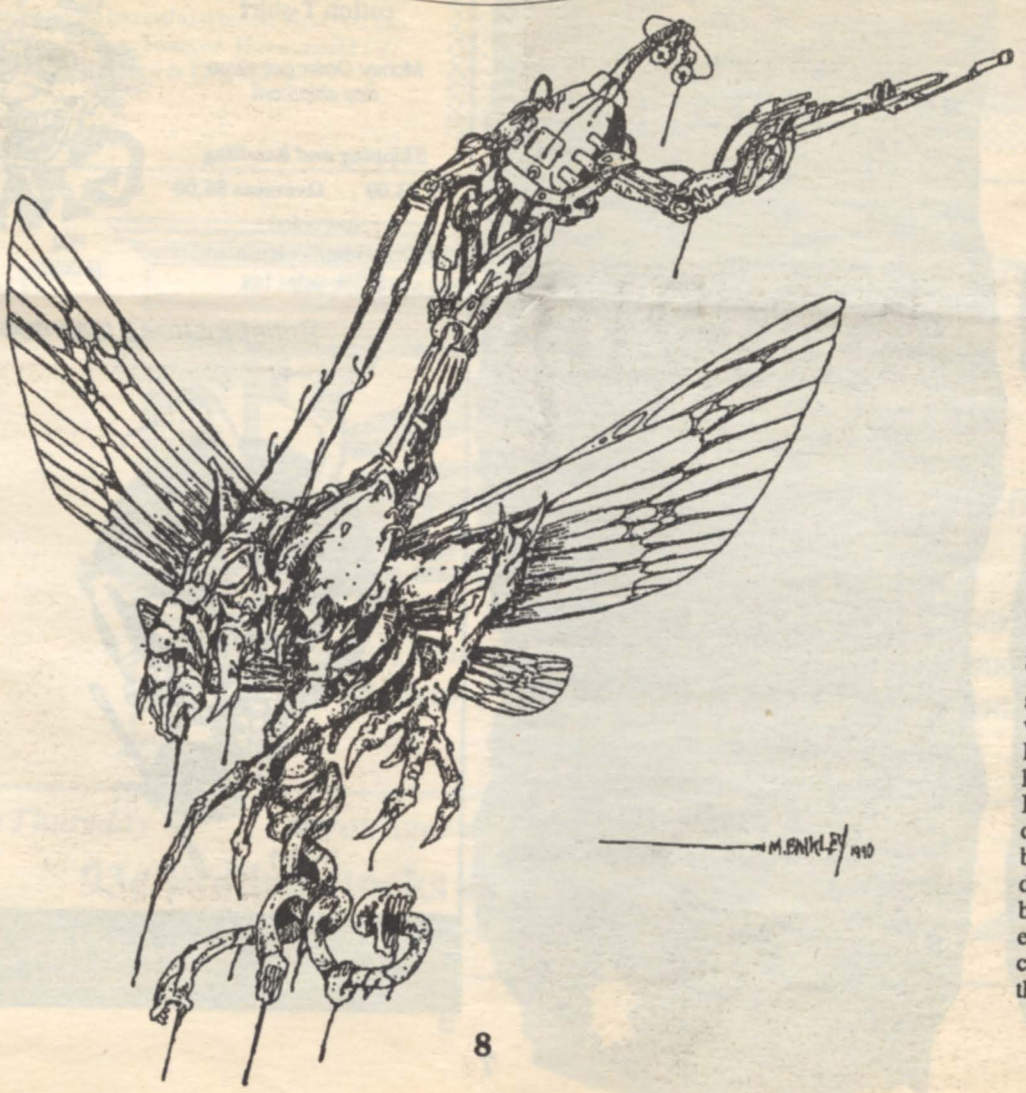


Photo by Bradley Ryan

Rude

August 20: Rock Island

The Rude show at Rock Island was tragic, not because of the band's performance, but due to the weak turnout—proof once again that Denver barely supports the local music scene. I guess I can't completely blame the public. Rude played on a Monday night, which is probably the second worst night to play, and the show had practically no publicity. (Flyers for the show were the best Rude has ever had.) But back to the show: Rude had "Rude Cage Dancers," which was simply a couple of women from Shotgun Willie's, on either end of the stage. Honestly I don't know how drummer Trey Cobb could play, being sandwiched between those bikini-clad babes. The opening band, Bitchin' Heat, didn't play due to an illness. Rude themselves were delayed a half-hour before they could begin to tear it up. And tear they did. Caged girls aside, these guys put on a great show. That's the saddest thing about it; had this show had better publicity, it would have been very satisfying to people thirsting for good local rock. Those there were treated to the kind of show that leaves you hungry for more. I mean, there were some guys moshing it up during the last few songs, and I couldn't help but think what a larger audience would have done. This wasn't the show to end all shows, but a lot of people missed out on some great entertainment. Rude is preparing to hit the college circuit soon, and my advice is to catch them before they're gone. —Bradley Ryan



Show Reviews

Photo by Andrew Frey

Tommy Victor of Prong

PRONG/ FLOTSAM AND JETSAM

August 6: CISC

It seems that every time I head out for a concert something or someone delays me. This night was no different. Lucky for us, we were riding in the stealth equipped rat mobile and making killer time. The ride was so short we didn't even have time to cop a good buzz. Anyway, when we pulled up to the CISC I was shocked to see such a small turnout for what promised to be the most mosh-filled night Denver had seen in a long time. Prong was playing!! The Gods weren't smiling on us that day, and as punishment for breaking every traffic law in Colorado, we missed the first two songs they played. Hell, we tried! As we made our way through the overly abundant security force, we could feel and hear the mind numbing crunch that is Prong. I quickly made my way to the pit for two quick laps just to get oriented and into the real spirit of things, and then off to the edge of the pit to check out the band. They were shredding the place apart and doing their best to make up for the lack of volume and ambience that is common to shows at the CISC. I would much prefer to see Prong in a small venue such as The Gothic or upstairs at the Underground. As I sat smoking, breathing and still reeling from Prong, I began to wonder about Flotsam. I had never seen them before, mainly because this is the first show they've ever played in Denver. By this time CISC had a pretty decent crowd. The highlight of the intermission was the Primus tape played over the P.A. Well, Flotsam & Jetsam took the stage and I was pretty unimpressed. They just didn't have the power or presence of Prong. The music was lame and sounded like every other thrash band. The singer's comments between songs were just as lame. I was pretty disappointed with the whole Flotsam show in general, and wished Prong would have come back out and played some more so we could really be thrashing. —Eric

Mudhoney/ The Fluid/ Warlock Pinchers

August 2: The Gothic Theatre

It was another steamy summer night at the Gothic and the Fluid were returning to the Denver stage after stumbling through Europe with Subpop labelmates Mudhoney. The Warlock Pinchers opened the show with their standard drum-machine punk rap. A good-sized crowd quickly got in the groove and began to move. The Pinchers played a tight but short set.

The Fluid played next, but with sound problems. The liquifying raucous jaws of the Fluid were blasting, but Bert, who was behind the board, must have been asleep. The mix had the lead guitar at ear-piercing levels, with a faint drumbeat and vocals a CIA agent couldn't have heard. It was an interesting performance. Watching John Robinson singing up front, mouth flopping and no sound coming out, I felt like I was in an audience for the hearing-impaired, waiting for subtitles to appear on the screen. Nonetheless, the Fluid, being the professionals they are, managed their way through a decent set.

Bassist Matt Bischoff commented that Denver audiences are not much different than others in appearance, musical interests, attitude and size. They are currently relaxing back in Denver, but will eventually go back out on the road.

Mudhoney came on and the sound was fine, back to Bert's usually well-mixed high-volume work. Mudhoney played a full set of music that kept the audience in a frenzy. They mixed the basic old and new songs, and they sounded better live than on their albums.

The comment that captures the evening was made by an audience member: "These Subpop bands are starting to all sound alike." —Ken Bush

Ink by: Will, Wigger, & Greg

SUICIDAL TENDENCIES

Photo by Andrew Frey

Robert Trujillo

For more than eight years the L.A.-based Suicidal Tendencies—lead guitarist Rocky George, rhythm guitarist Mike Clark, bassist Robert Trujillo, drummer R.J. Herrera and vocalist Mike Muir—have fought their way up through the hardcore underground. And now, with *Lights...Camera...Revolution*, the band's fourth and finest album, vocalist Mike Muir is determined to go for the gold.

¿ Rx (CLOT)

M: Mike Muir

¿ I've heard the band is breaking up after this album.

M: Where did you hear that?

¿ I've read it in a couple of interviews.

M: I must have been misquoted. I can't say that I'll always be there. In the real world there are a lot of things that are more important. I think that what we're doing with the band is very important, but it comes to the point where you need to do other things. There's Mike Muir/Suicidal Tendencies, and there's Mike Muir/Mike Muir. Sometimes they stumble on each other, and there's a lot of things I wouldn't be doing if it was Mike Muir/Mike Muir, things I have to do in the band and stuff.

¿ What is it about being in the band that makes you the most unhappy?

M: Basically, I'm constantly having to deal with idiots. People talk about me, about how I've got this bad attitude and they can't deal with me. But when I was younger, before I was in the band, I probably had a lot worse attitude. I think I got a great attitude: You treat me like shit and I'll treat you like shit right back. That's fine with me; I don't go out of my way to mess with nobody, but in this band it's ridiculous. We just have to deal with so much crap. And it's all starting right with the name and stuff; people don't understand us, and I don't think it's my responsibility to have to explain to people who don't want to be explained to. People just want to have a scapegoat, and a lot of times they just want to use the band.

Photo by Andrew Frey

Mike Clark

¿ Have the problems—the censorship, the thing about not being allowed to play in the L.A. area, the crap about being harassed by police for wearing Suicidal T-shirts—eased up any with the release of the new album?

M: On this tour, for the L.A. thing they went to every venue, and we couldn't get a show. The only place of any size they said we could play—the amount of money they'd have to put down for a bond and blah, blah, this and all this stuff, made it that if they sold out the place—that's over 10,000 seats at $30 a ticket—we would lose money. So effectively, we can't play. So the only thing we're doing is playing an hour-and-a-half from where we live in Irvine, which is almost in San Diego.

It's on the UC Irvine Campus, and because it's California (state), the politics are removed. We're playing a basketball arena, a 6,500 seater. We have to play 65 miles from where we live. They didn't start announcing the show until last week, and you tell me how many shows that are over 6,000-seaters that they don't announce until three weeks before the show? They said they couldn't announce it earlier because there would be too much pressure to shut it down. It's ridiculous. We have to go through so much stuff just to play, and then when we play what they consider an L.A. show, it's Orange County, it's almost San Diego.

¿ Do you have to deal with that kind of thing in the rest of the country, or when you're playing Europe?

M: Europe isn't as bad, but in Europe it's a different situation, because our first record wasn't released there until a couple of years ago. So over there our acceptance, our popularity, was like it was here three or four years ago.

¿ Have there been problems setting up the most recent tour?

M: Not so much in the U.S., but it's certain things...I don't have a problem if you have to fight for what you believe in, that's fine. But it's like we get into a boxing ring and say, "Okay, we'll fight, we believe in what we're doing," and they say, "Oh, but there's one thing: You have to have your hands tied behind your back, you have to have chains on your legs, and you've gotta be blindfolded." It's like when we first got signed to Epic, they went to all the R and CHR stations. And I think over 85 percent of them said they would never play anything by us just because of our name, regardless of what the music is. MTV says, in their words (and I shouldn't even say this because they don't want me to get them upset), "We're quite comfortable playing them between midnight and three (on Headbangers Ball)." They said, "We will not play them at any other time." That's lame; they have the MTV Top 15 or whatever every day, but if we get in that, they won't play us.

¿ Just because of the name?

M: Just because of the name. When Anthrax did their Headbangers Ball tour, they wanted us to go with them, but they wouldn't do it because they were worried about corporate sponsors. It's like I've always said: We believe what we're doing is important, but if other people don't believe that, then there's a time when you need to move on. I think with our situation right now—a lot of the chain stores won't carry our record—if the people who are into the band aren't going to support us, there's no reason to do it. Unfortunately, a lot of people don't know about Suicidal Tendencies because they've never heard it, and there's too many people trying to keep it that way. We believe our music's good, and if we can't get it out there, there's no reason to continue.

¿ Your music has come through the hardcore-punk underground for years. How do you feel about it being put into the metal market as a way of getting it out to a wider range of listeners?

M: We're not a metal band, but I used to say we're not a punk band either. And we're not: There's not really a place for us to be, and they have to put us somewhere.

¿ So what is it you want to create for yourself? You say there's no place for Suicidal Tendencies now.

M: We obviously have a lot of handicaps, and things we can't do that other bands could do; we don't have the advantages they have. I think we need to be like the five-feet tall person that slam-dunks; we need to get a gold record so straight out, when people talk shit about us, we'll say, "See that right there?" When I first started doing interviews for this record, people would say, "Do you see success coming for this record?" and I would say, "You know what? This record is a success, because I listen to it every day and I think it's great. I know why I did what I did, and it's for all the right reasons, not only now but in the future." I think that record's really important. But when you get down to it, and read our (fan) letters, people are sick of everyone going off on Suicidal Tendencies. People say "If they're so good, how come they're not on MTV?" It's 'cause we can't be! It's one thing to fight a war fairly, but we're in a bad situation. When people get arrested for wearing a Suicidal shirt, that's stupid. But I'm not a quitter. I'm gonna screw up the system bigtime. I'll be bumming people out, and when it comes to bumming people out I know how to do it.

¿ How?

M: How? It's one of those things I've always said: If you're gonna do something you do it. You don't talk about it, because if you do, you're obviously not gonna do it. If I want to mess people up, I know how to do it. I can't do it in Suicidal Tendencies, but I can when I eliminate all those restrictions. Then I'll say, "Okay, let's go to war. Fight it on my terms. I fight it on my terms and I'm gonna win."

¿ Why can't you do it with Suicidal Tendencies? Is it because of responsibilities to the band or to the label or what?

M: It's responsibility to myself, and what we started Suicidal Tendencies to be.

We're not talking about revolution in the sense of overthrowing the government, but it's that everybody needs to go through a revolution in their life. Everything is a war; life is a war. And not all wars are fought with fear; some are fought with your mind.

¿ Which was what?

M: Basically the best band possible. That's why with Suicidal Tendencies, when the Secret Service came to my house, we didn't send out press releases and stuff. That's why when we do a photo shoot and the police come and arrest fifty people on private property we don't send a press release out on it. We're not trying to get attention like 2 Live Crew. We believe our music's good and that's why we put out records. We don't believe that you have to look a certain way or be a certain way. We've found that every time we've gotten exposure, whether it's been on "Miami Vice" or whether it was MTV back when they did play our videos, or on commercial radio stations, people get into the band. They like the music and they really get something out of it, and I think that's why we're still around.

¿ Throughout history, any important movement in art has generally been persecuted and oppressed by the reigning authorities or whatever, but it breaks through and it causes movement. This idea of revolution on your latest album, I think, is *that* for our age.

M: The review in the *L.A. Times* said, "A lot of people talk about it, but when Suicidal Tendencies says it, you better worry." We're not talking about revolution in the sense of overthrowing the government, but it's that everybody needs to go through a revolution in their life. Everything is a war; life is a war. And not all wars are fought with fear; some are fought with your mind. It's a very complicated thing....But we talk about Eastern Europe and how great it is now all these people are free. No one allows you to be free; you have to be free within yourself. That's where freedom comes from, from within, regardless of what other people try to impose upon you, you have to be free within yourself. And if you're free within yourself you can be in any jail anywhere in the world and you'll still be free; nobody can change that. No one can take away what you believe in your heart and your mind.

¿ How much of a struggle has it been for you to be free within yourself?

M: It's a big struggle, because if I wasn't in the band I wouldn't have to deal with a lot of things. I could find happiness within myself very easily, but unfortunately my world does not exist for just myself. My world is everything that I'm exposed to, and I'm exposed to a lot of crap. But then, most of the things that I've done, I never would have been able to do and I didn't think I could have done, until somebody said I couldn't do it. Maybe I didn't think I could, but I knew right then I was gonna try my best because of that. It's the same with most of the kids you talk to—everyone's telling them what they can't do. And not in the sense that they know about you

Photo by Andrew Frey

Mike Muir

or care about you and are trying to guide you in the right way. I can appreciate advice, but people don't like other people doing something.

¿ The first time I heard your song "Emotion No. 13," it made me weep. Is that what that song's about—everybody wanting you to be something else and you just can't do it?

M: A lot of times people just don't understand; they're telling you what to be, but they don't understand what they're telling you to be because they don't understand themselves. People are assuming—like with the whole Suicidal Tendencies thing, we're not trying to bum people out. My intention when I wake up in the morning is not to bum people out. Our name is not Suicidal Tendencies because we're trying to shock people. We just want to be a band; we're trying to be the best people we can. I'm trying to be a better person than I was yesterday and hopefully I'll be a better person tomorrow.

¿ I'm curious about your views on psychiatry. In a lot of your songs, and especially the "Trip at the Brain" video, it seems like you have a statement to make about the labeling of people as "mentally ill."

M: I think it's a situation, like now with the insurance companies, where everybody needs a scapegoat. It's like being a parent. A lot of times people have the attitude, "Oh, I want to have a kid, they're so cute." It's like a puppy is cute, you know? But you treat a kid like a puppy and it's gonna grow up to be a dog. It's more than just being there and showing people off; it's a lot of responsibility. Kids are going to get into trouble, but when they have these ads in the paper that say, "Is Your Kid Blah Blah Blah," and they have this list of things, and if you answer "yes" to three or more of these questions, then they have a drug problem and should get treatment. I don't drink, I don't do any drugs, and I'm obviously older than 16, but I answer "yes" to four or five of those, and I don't have a problem. For example, it says, "Do they act with hostility when you accuse them?" Yeah, I react with hostility when you accuse me of something that I don't do! But it's easier for parents to say, "My kid's got a drug or alcohol problem" than to say, "I haven't paid any attention to them and now all of a sudden something has been brought to my attention. But it's not I'm a bad parent—they're a bad kid." I've known four or five people who got put into those things, and when did they get out? When the insurance money ran out. They'll sit there and tell the person how much they care—they care until there's no more money....Psychiatrists try to change people, and tell them they're wrong for feeling the way they feel. Life is emotions and how you deal with your emotions, and when you tell people "you can't deal with your emotions," it creates problems.

If Benjamin Franklin said, "You can put a bullet in my head/But you can't kill a word I've said" before the Revolutionary War, that would be in the history books right now. But since I said it, I'm called a reactionary and a crazy.
—Mike Muir

¿To what extent is the violence surrounding Suicidal shows a myth?

M: I think it's completely a myth. But if there was a situation, and there was another band with the exact same situation, it would be a "show," but with Suicidal it would be "violence." But as far as the L.A. thing, there's never been any problems with any shows we've done—it's been so long since we played here. After a time, it's like, "They haven't played here in so many years. I hear somebody got shot at a show!" and all these people got killed and then there was the riot and this and that. The truth is, the security people who work our shows work all the big shows, and have told us our shows are the easiest they've ever worked, because the people who come feel like they're a part of the band.

¿ Thinking back, are there any writers or historical figures that you would compare yourself or the band to?

M: Not really, because I'm not really literary, or educated too much. I really don't read a lot or been exposed...but it was interesting, because Epic really picked up on the song "Give It Revolution," and the line, "You can put a bullet in my head/But you can't kill a word I've said." They were talking about how, if that was said a couple hundred years ago—"Give me liberty or give me death" and all that—it would be in the history books right now. If Benjamin Franklin said, "You can put a bullet in my head/But you can't kill a word I've said" before the Revolutionary War, that would be in the history books right now. But since I said it, I'm called a reactionary and a crazy.

¿ But Mike, during those times those people were called crazies, too.

M: I just think a lot of people probably aren't ready for Suicidal Tendencies. I think a lot of things about us make people uncomfortable.

¿ It's like me crying when I heard "Emotion No. 13." Yeah, it made me really uncomfortable. But I kept listening to it, and after awhile I transcended it—the emotion got diluted. By the way, what is Emotion No. 13?

M: I don't know...Some things I don't talk about...I listen to the record, and sometimes I'll just sit there and cry.

¿ Is there anything else you'd like to say?

M: Sometimes I'll think, "I want to say this, this and that," and other times it's like I just don't want to say anything anymore. I've never been good with the outside world or whatever; I'm not good with people, I'll admit that. But the one good thing about being with the band is that it's forced me to communicate better. It gets to the point where I'll fight for myself, but when you're fighting for something you know is right—it's like I can't defend it because I'm too right. If someone had something that was blue and they told you it was red, that's an easy fight. But when it's something that you feel, and they're telling you that you're wrong, that's a lot harder to fight for. You can fight for awhile, but then it get's like, what does it matter what you think? I know, and that's all that matters. I've said it before and I really believe it: If I make it to 70 years old and I look back and say the eight or ten years I was with Suicidal Tendencies were the best years of my life, then I had a messed up life.

¿ But something keeps you doing Suicidal Tendencies.

M: Well, it is important to me that I've put a lot of time into it, and I do believe that time does do certain things. Everything we do is a piece of a puzzle, and it's getting to the point where there's a picture being formed, and it's only a matter of time before people start to understand. I think this record is important, and I think there's a couple of other things we need to do that will give people more understanding later on. And that's important to me, that I give it a fair shot.

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New Stock Daily

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SCENE

LOCAL

Photo by Andrew Frey

Dario all dressed up!

It was a year and month ago that the Choosey Mothers belched their way onto a Denver stage. Since that special moment, the band has established a powerful niche in the diverse Denver music scene.

The band is a simple three-piece comprised of guitarist\vocalist Dario Tucciarelli, bassist\vocalist Arnie Beckman, with A.J. Beckman on drums. Yes, the Beckmans are cousins, and one is brother to Tim, the bassist in Dogbite. This trio relies on genuine, raw energy and honesty in their music, which spurts out on the stage with a "just play the fucking music" attitude. The Chooseys are at their prime and fullest essence when jamming, leaping and being obnoxious in front of an audience.

No moussed hair or sister's eyeliner and no guitars shaped like axes; the Choosey's take the stage to play music—not pose as rock stars. The closest image the Chooseys may present is a Levi's commercial. They sport faded jeans, Chuck Taylor's and hairless chests. It's doubtful that Levi's will sponsor, them since they have brandished the words "Fuck," "Off" and "Prick" on their chests for shows before.

"We put all our energy into the music; that whole costume get-up is lame," says Arnie.

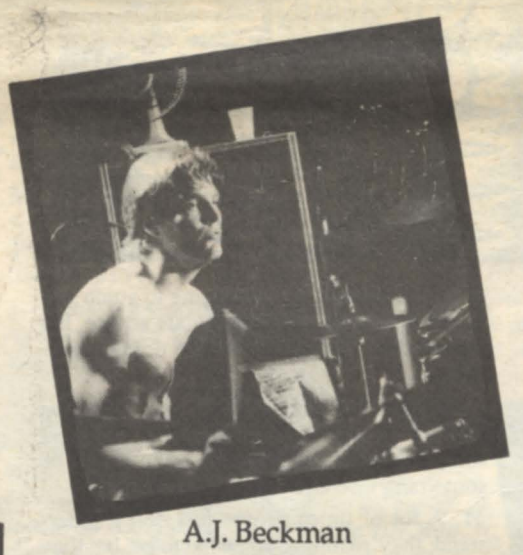
The Finicky Mamas have developed a sound reminiscent of the first punk bands in the late Seventies—hard, fast and simple, with harmonized vocals that conjure up visions of the first Clash album. Although the Clash and Ramones have been an influence on the band, they don't try to imitate anyone, but rather create from the bowels of their brains.

"If you write the song, then you have to sing it," exclaims Dario. This approach has been established since the beginning. The band made an early discovery of themselves and found that none of them had been born with the Sinatra-esque voices their mothers had always hoped for. So to compensatate Dario and Arnie started harmonizing on lead vocals. They found they are more powerful together, and can create a fuller sound.

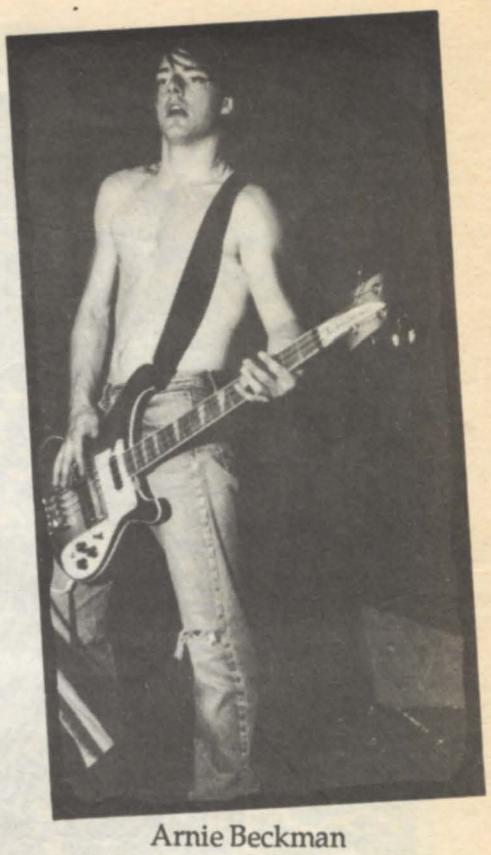
An audience member was overheard at a show saying, "I haven't heard harmony like that since the Everly Brothers."

What makes the Choosey Mothers an original band in Denver are their lyrics, which they take seriously and want the audience to be able to understand. Arnie says he "sings about the shit that is on my mind." Songs like "Denver Rat" and "Drunk on Broadway" makes you think that you're actually living in Denver. "Trash TV" is a good expression of the Chooseys satirical wit for today's ravaged society. "Food Stamps" makes me hungry just listening to it. These songs and more are available on their cassette release, *Home-Made Jam.*

An audience member was overheard at a show saying, "I haven't heard harmony like that since the Everly Brothers."



A.J. Beckman



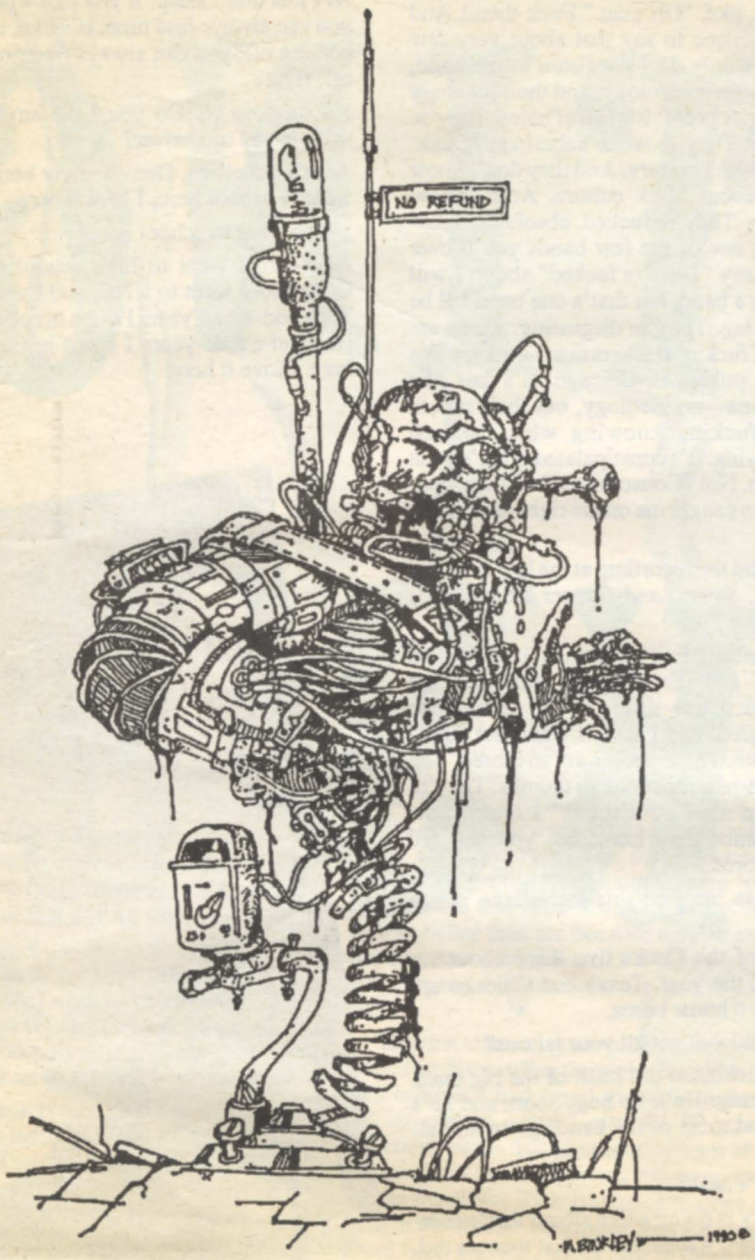
Arnie Beckman

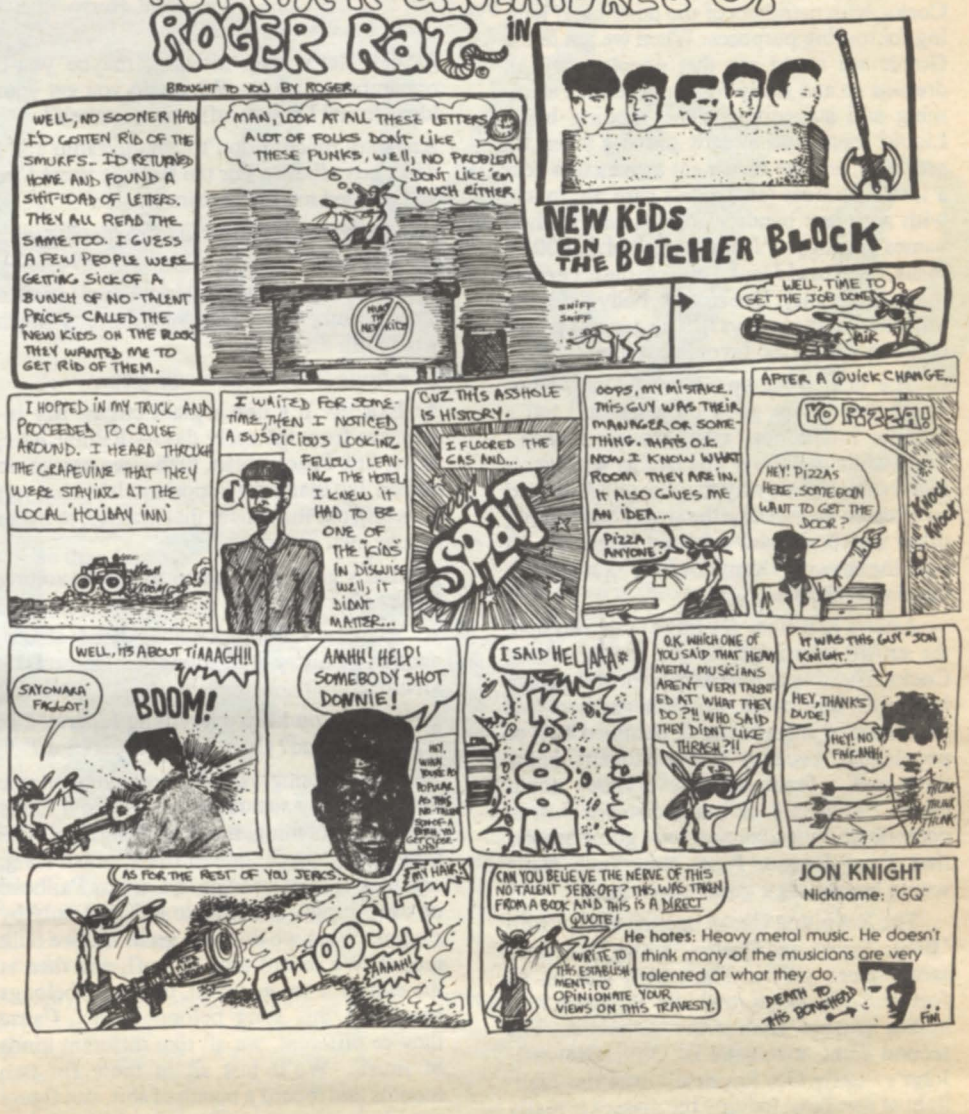
This band may have first mutated in a six-by-twelve foot closet (their first practice space), but they have tightened and developed the Choosey sound. The lyrics prove that these boys are not dimwitted dishwashers. Arnie graduated from the University of Colorado a couple of years ago with a degree in political science. He was recently working for a law firm. An unnamed woman blinded in an automobile accident claims she saw Arnie working at Norton Frickey's. He plans on attending law school, but for now is enjoying the Capital Hill neighborhood scene. A.J. is currently enrolled at CU-Denver, studying science. He plans on graduating in the Nineties.

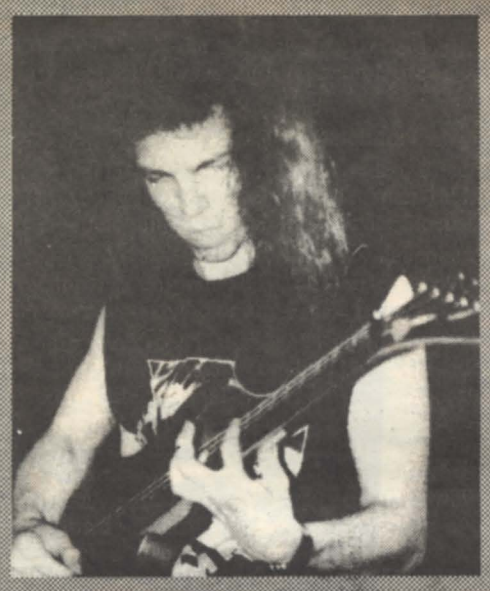
One of the challenges the Chooseys have had to contend with is finding their own niche in the Denver music scene. The band feels that broad terms like "thrash," "metal," and worst of all, "alternative," have only done damage to bands that create a sound that can't be easily compared. The local clubs help perpetuate these restrictive terms by advertising "alternative music" nights. Dogbite, Pil Bug, Jux County and the Choosey Mothers don't have the same sound, but all fall under that "alternative" title. Perhaps "alternative" refers not to what the band sounds like, but what kind of people go to the shows.

The Chooseys find themselves playing gigs with "metal" bands at the Broadway, and sometimes getting called a "punk" band, but they consider that a compliment.

"I don't really think there's anyone who plays like we do," says Arnie, "and I'm glad about it."




THE FURTHER ADVENTURES OF ROGER RAT IN
BROUGHT TO YOU BY ROGER.
NEW KIDS ON THE BUTCHER BLOCK
WELL, NO SOONER HAD I'D GOTTEN RID OF THE SMURFS.. I'D RETURNED HOME AND FOUND A SHITLOAD OF LETTERS. THEY ALL READ THE SAME TOO. I GUESS A FEW PEOPLE WERE GETTING SICK OF A BUNCH OF NO-TALENT PRICKS CALLED THE "NEW KIDS ON THE BLOCK" THEY WANTED ME TO GET RID OF THEM.
MAN, LOOK AT ALL THESE LETTERS. A LOT OF FOLKS DON'T LIKE THESE PUNKS, WELL, NO PROBLEM. I DON'T LIKE 'EM MUCH EITHER.
SNIFF SNIFF
WELL, TIME TO GET THE JOB DONE.
I HOPPED IN MY TRUCK AND PROCEEDED TO CRUISE AROUND. I HEARD THROUGH THE GRAPEVINE THAT THEY WERE STAYIN' AT THE LOCAL 'HOLIDAY INN'
I WAITED FOR SOMETIME, THEN I NOTICED A SUSPICIOUS LOOKIN' FELLOW LEAVING THE HOTEL. I KNEW IT HAD TO BE ONE OF THE "KIDS" IN DISGUISE. WELL, IT DIDN'T MATTER...
CUZ THIS ASSHOLE IS HISTORY.
I FLOORED THE GAS AND...
SPAT
OOPS, MY MISTAKE.. THIS GUY WAS THEIR MANAGER OR SOMETHING. THAT'S O.K. NOW I KNOW WHAT ROOM THEY ARE IN. IT ALSO GIVES ME AN IDEA...
PIZZA ANYONE?
AFTER A QUICK CHANGE...
YO PIZZA!
HEY! PIZZA'S HERE. SOMEBODY WANT TO GET THE DOOR?
KNOCK KNOCK
WELL, IT'S ABOUT TIAAAGH!!
SAYONARA FAGLOT!
BOOM!
AHHH! HELP! SOMEBODY SHOT DONNIE!
HEY, WHERE THERE'S SMOKE THERE'S FIRE. AS THIS NO-TALENT SCUM IS A PRIME TARGET FOR ONE.
I SAID HELLAAA
KABOOM
O.K. WHICH ONE OF YOU SAID THAT HEAVY METAL MUSICIANS AREN'T VERY TALENTED AT WHAT THEY DO?!! WHO SAID THEY DIDN'T LIKE THRASH?!!
IT WAS THIS GUY "JON KNIGHT."
HEY, THANKS DUDE!
HEY! NO PROBLEMO!
TRAK TRAK TRAK
AS FOR THE REST OF YOU JERKS...
MY HAIR!
FHOOSH
AAAAAH!
CAN YOU BELIEVE THE NERVE OF THIS NO TALENT JERK-OFF? THIS WAS TAKEN FROM A BOOK AND THIS IS A DIRECT QUOTE!
WRITE TO THIS ESTABLISHMENT. I'D OPINIONATE YOUR VIEWS ON THIS TRAVESTY.
JON KNIGHT
Nickname: "GQ"
He hates: Heavy metal music. He doesn't think many of the musicians are very talented at what they do.
DEATH TO THIS BOOKWORM
FIN!



LEVIATHAN

"The Band of The NEW DECADE"

Sept. 14	Broadway
Sept. 24	Bangles
Oct. 8	Bangles
Oct. 19 & 20	Bangles
Oct. 29	Bangles

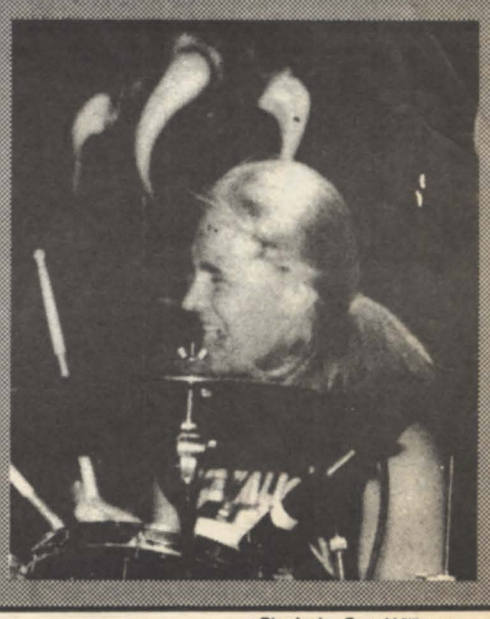


Photo by Troy Williams

By Danny Bled and Andrew Frey

Everybody was totally hyped for the Revolting Cocks show, mainly because of the notoriety Ministry gained on their last tour. Ministry is sort of a brother to the Revolting Cocks, with members of the other band joining for touring purposes. When we got to the Gothic we could see that people were all dressed up and ready for some serious slamming and stagediving. The opening band, Liquid Jesus, was already playing when we got there, and we didn't get a chance to hear a lot of their set (and didn't care too much; with so many bands using "Jesus" in their names or songs—"Jesus Jones," M.C. 900 Ft. Jesus, "Personal Jesus," etc. we didn't expect much originality. Doesn't anybody have any imagination these days?). The general crowd reaction wasn't too favorable, either.

The next band up was the Skate Nigs. These guys were good on stage and left a definite impression, even though I hadn't heard of them before. The bassist was excellent. I can also see why they've gotten busted so often on stage, since the singer had this big dildo which spewed a foamy substance all over the crowd. "Horny for Evil" stuck in my mind after the set.

After a half-hour (or more) intermission, the crowd was ready to see the Revolting Cocks. There were guards in front of the stage behind the barricades, which meant there was no chance of stagediving. It bummed a lot of people out, because at the Ministry show there was a fence which everybody could climb, then dive back into the crowd. Just to complicate things, rumors were going around that Trent Reznor from Nine Inch Nails would be making a guest appearance.

The Revolting Cocks opened the set with "Beers, Steers, and Queers," a song from their same-named album. The crowd was on its feet and the front row was jammed with bodies crushed against the barricades. The second song, a remake of Olivia Newton-John's "Let's Get Physical," was the highlight of the show, inciting the masses to really get physical. There may not have been any stagediving, but there was still some wild shit going on.

The band got through most of the material on *Beers, Steers, and Queers*, but it was the songs from their two earlier releases, *Big Sexy Land* and *Goddammed Son of a Bitch*, that really got the audience going. Lead singer Chris Connelly got the crowd on its feet by venturing close enough to people for them to reach out and touch his face and dreadlocks. There were guest appearances by members of Skate Nigs, while the bassist did a stagedive into the mass of bodies.

Revco ended the set with "Stainless Steel Providers," which kept the crowd begging for more. Two encores followed, with a surprise from Trent Reznor and Alain Jourgensen, who played a song from an upcoming EP by 1000 Homo DJs, a band/project they are teaming up for.

The audience left satisfied, and while the sweaty bodies left the theatre drop by drop, we tried to get backstage to have a word with the bands. We didn't succeed, but later caught up with Alain Jourgensen at Rock Island.

¿ What did you think of this last tour? This was your last stop, wasn't it?

A: It was really fun and I had a really good time.

¿ Are you happy it's over?

A: Of course! A lot of people get post-tour depression, but I don't. I'm really happy when it's over, because my liver is so clogged from drinking so much for so long a period of time that it's great when it's over and I get to go home.

¿ We noticed that Trent Reznor played with you tonight. What collaborations are you involved with him?

A: Trent Reznor is the lead vocalist of 1000 Homo DJ's. He's with the Cocks because basically Ogre (from Skinny Puppy) wigged out or something. Trent's main band with us is 1000 Homo DJ's.

¿ Exactly what bands are you in?

A: Man, don't do this to me! Lard, Ministry, Revolting Cocks, 1000 Homo DJs, Pailhead, Lead into Gold...I've got ten—I know I've got ten, hold on—PTP, Acid Horse...that's eight. I know I have ten.

¿ Well, let's keep moving; maybe you'll remember as we go. Where do you get your ideas from? Do you influence yourself?

A: Pretty much. I don't listen to radio and I don't buy albums. For the last two years I've just minded my own business.

¿ Do you get a lot of ideas from playing with other people?

A: Well yeah, that's the thing. I don't need to listen to other people, 'cause I pretty much work with them.

¿ Or bring them on tour with you.

A: Exactly. It's like a giant circus. My influences from the early days—Killing Joke, Wire, Sex Pistols, blah, blah—we can go on and on, but that's not important. It's what you do with your influences that matters, to make it your own sound.

¿ What's going to happen to the Revolting Cocks after this?

A: Another album. Another Lard album, another Ministry album, another Homo DJ's album....

¿ How do you keep everything separated in your own mind? Or is there a separation?

A: Sure. By singers. Whoever sings on one thing certainly separates them. Like if Chris sings on something, that's a Revolting Cocks song pretty much, unless it's a thrash song, and then it may go over to Lard or Pailhead or something... It's hard to tell...not only by singers. What we do is we go in and we bulk record. We record tons of stuff, and then at the end of it we go "well, this song belongs here, and this song belongs here." Cause they're different, we all like different kinds of music. We'll just sit in there for two months and record a bunch of shit, and figure out where it goes later. It's not only the singer, there are exceptions.

¿ What do you think of other bands coming up?

A: My favorite band now is either Skatenigs or Crust.

¿ What do you think of Consolidated?

Photo by Andrew Frey

Alain Jourgensen

A: Hypocritical fuckin' bullshit San Francisco fucking band. White suburban liberals who think like, "Oh man." Fuck them! And you can get me to say that about very few bands. Not only do I not listen to the band, but I know their ideology, and their ideology is like Swiss cheese; it's full of holes. They're hypocrites. They're white suburbanites talking about black culture. And they don't know anything about black culture. And I know those guys. They're fucked, absolutely fucked. That's one of the few bands you'll ever get me to say "They're fucked" about. I will never slag a band, but that's one band I'll be proud to slag. They're disgusting. These are a bunch of fuckin' slackers man—pukers. We call them pukers in Chicago. It's just like puke dogma—an ideology, out their mouth without fucking knowing what the hell they're saying. It's constipalated. That's what I call them. Not "Consolidated"—"Constipalated." You caught me on the right one on that one.

¿ Where did the recording at the beginning of the *Beers, Steers, and Queers* album come from?

A: I was sitting in a place in Houston called Numbers, and the secretary answered the phone and...I was sitting in the room when she answered, and I said "I want that tape!" It's so mean. These people are so inbred. Too many corn-nuts, not enough thumbs. They're like "it's a male strip show." I dunno how many thumbs they have, but you can tell they're inbred.

¿ So Texas inspired this last album pretty much?

A: Most of the Cocks live there about six months of the year. Texas and Chicago are like our two home bases.

¿ Where did you get all your tattoos?

A: Guy Atchinson did most of the big ones. He's amazing. He'll be huge soon, and he's the guy that most of the bands go to and all that.

¿ So what's next?

A: Ministry is doing a live album that's coming out in two weeks, for the last tour we did. There are six songs on the CD and eight songs on the video, so buy the video; it's a better deal.

¿ Where was it done?

A: The visuals are from all over on tour, and the audio is from South Chicago, at a show we played there. Ministry will have a new album called *Tapes of Wrath*; we've already written half of it. The only way I can do it is to stop touring, so I can keep all these bands going, with different people involved and a lot of fun stuff going on. The only way I can do it is to stop touring for a couple of years. The only thing I'm doing tour-wise is playing rhythm guitar for Rigor Mortis, a speed-metal band. I'm just playing rhythm guitar for them. I don't want my name involved, and it's not like "featuring Al Jourgensen." I produce Rigor Mortis. I love Rigor Mortis. They're my friends. One of the guys was in Ministry, and so I'm just playing guitar for them for a while. Other than that, I'm not touring for another couple years. I've got too much studio shit to do, from GWAR to fuckin' Ministry.

¿ You produced GWAR?

A: I did one song off the last GWAR album, and supposedly I'm supposed to do the whole new album.

¿ What song did you produce?

A: "The Horror of Yig"—yeah, the one with the bagpipes. That sounds like a sore thumb on that album. That's my production. The rest is somebody else's.

Photo by Andrew Frey

¿ How do you find the time to do all this stuff?

A: I just don't sleep. If you like what you do, you can always find time. It's like, if you like beating off, you can always find time to beat off, right?

¿ I suppose so. Do you have anything you want to say to Denver?

A: It's excellent. Denver's my hometown. I went to school here; I love it here.

¿ You went to school here?

A: Yeah, I went to high school in Frisco, Colorado, I went to UNC, and I went to CU. Two-and-a-half years I spent in colleges here, two-and-a half years I spent in high school here. I love it here.

Chris connely

Photo by Andrew Frey

Trent Reznor

TROUBLE

By Roxanna Alday

Electric green machine
Do you know what I mean
If you're so full of fear
Why then are you dreamin' here
You are, you are here
At the end of my daze.—Eric Wagner

When I spoke with Trouble vocalist Eric Wagner by phone from Washington, D.C., a few weeks ago, he had just awakened from a dream which later that day he would make a reality.

"I have a book of pictures of the Doors, and I dreamed about a photo that they did at Arlington," said Wagner. "I woke up thinking we should do a photo shoot there, since we're here. Sort of a 'Rest In Peace,' you know?"

Arlington is the cemetery for those who have died in our nation's wars, so it is only appropriate that Trouble, a band that has been labeled "Christian" but prefers to be called "peace-loving," would be doing a photo shoot there. And because Wagner considers Jim Morrison to be one of his major influences, the choice of locations is also a tribute of sorts.

Wagner has a lot to pay tribute to—or at least to be thankful for. After eleven long, hazy years on the hard-rock circuit, his Chicago-based band—which includes guitarists Rick Wartell and Bruce Franklin, bassist Ron Holzner and drummer Barry Stern—has finally come into its own. With a hot new album, *Trouble*, on Def American, a couple of brilliant hit video-singles ("The End of My Daze," "Psychotic Reaction" and "Black Shapes of Doom"), and an end to personal problems which have long plagued its members, Trouble seems ready for the fame that has eluded it for so long.

Although the band put out three albums on Metal Blade in the Eighties, none were particularly successful. The first two will be soon be re-released on CD; *Trouble 2* will be released as *Psalm 9*, the title of a song taken from Psalm 9 verse 9: "The Lord is a refuge for the oppressed, a refuge in times of trouble."

"That's really what we were singing about," says Wagner, who blames the record company for sticking the band into the somewhat inappropriate "Christian" genre. "Metal Blade really did that in '84, when all the bands were singing about Satan. Everybody had to be labeled something, and we got stuck with that. Our influences came from late Sixties/early Seventies music—just peace-loving things like that."

Although spirituality and his belief in God are important to Wagner, he feels he has little in common with modern fundamentalist Christianity.

"Personally, I don't go along with all that crap. To me a Christian is someone who believes in God, and that's all. You do the best you can, you know the difference between right and wrong—you just do the best you can," he says. "It drives me nuts sometimes, people sticking it in your face that you're going to hell and all this shit. It's like, worry about yourself. The thing I hate the most about people who claim they're 'born again' is that they look down on me, and think they're better than me because they're saved and I'm not or whatever. That blows it right there for me, because who are you to judge me?"

The first chance I got to judge Trouble was while fast-forwarding through a Headbangers Ball episode I had taped the night before. I got so excited when I saw the "Psychotic Reaction" video that after re-playing it about twenty times (and seeing that it was produced by the masterful Rick Rubin), I ran out and bought the album. This music was something I had been craving, but is rare in these days of predominately thrash and glam metal; the heaviness of Seventies guitar rock combined with the psychedelic echoes of the Sixties, masterfully set against strong vocals and lyrics that insult neither the intelligence nor the ear.

Much of this can be attributed to the fact that when he first began writing, Wagner was being influenced by the best—primarily the Beatles and Doors.

"Zeppelin and Sabbath were also an influence in the early days," recalls Wagner, who's raspy vocals are reminiscent of early Robert Plant. "It's like, Sabbath meets Morrison and Lennon. More of our influences did come out on this album, and I think Zeppelin is one of them, and maybe Deep Purple. It's a combination of all our favorites that's finally coming into it. That, and just being us."

"Just being us" has had its ups and downs, particularly where drugs are concerned. He recently gave up drugs, after deciding that they take you nowhere, but says that it took "awhile" for him to realize this.

"I think it's been about three years now since I decided that, since the last album—that was why it was called *Run to the Light*," he says. "It was like, *finally*, but it's taken three years. When the new album starts off with the song "The End of My Daze," that's really what it is."

So what then does Wagner think about John Lennon and Jim Morrison, both of whom advocated the use of mind-altering substances as a valid way to "open the doors of perception," even bring about religious revelations?

"It is true, and I think that's the problem," says Wagner. "The more you see past this, the more this seems a waste of time. I think a lot of people, once they see past and know that there is more than just this—that makes it all seem trivial. And I think we weren't supposed to see beyond. I think with Morrison—it's like, the final thing you see is death, and he knew what he was doing, whether he wanted to or not. After awhile it was too late to turn back, because he wanted to see more. And death's the final thing."

But what about reincarnation? In the song "Heaven On My Mind," Wagner sings "It makes no difference which road you wanna take/Find your way back to Earth."

"That's a reference to the drugs, where you're high, then come back to earth," he explains. "It's like, 'come on buddy, get back to earth, back to reality.'"

Oops. Okay, so how about the tune "The End of My Daze, in which he sings about the futility of "Believing there is a tomorrow/It's here/It's here now." Isn't that classic existentialism, a philosophy that believes man is alone in a hostile and indifferent universe, and that there's nothing beyond the here and now?

"It's just about all the crap that's going on now, all the drugs and stuff," he says. "It's just believing in yourself, and doing something about it now."

Oops again. Highfalutin philosophies aside, what does Wagner see for the future?

"I see the Sixties coming back in the Nineties," he says. "It seems like a lot of people are into the environment, protesting and all that. Even in the music—us, Faith No More, Soundgarden, even U2 —where the lyrics matter, like in the Sixties, where the music reflected the times instead of the other way around."

Fair enough, but just one more thing: The last stanza of the last song on the album, "All Is Forgiven," reads "Just like praying for rain...Every time I see your face/It reminds me of my past/To think one of my dreams/Has come true at last." The Arlington photo shoot aside, what dream has at last come true for Wagner?

"That song is special to me. It sums up everything to date, all the stuff we went through, the problems with drugs and everything," he says. "The second half of that song is really for my kids: All is forgiven and we finally made it. We went through a lot of shit the last ten years, but it's like, the Lord has finally remembered me. It's like praying for rain. That's my daughter's name, so nobody understands what that means, but I really do. Everytime I see her face, I see myself."

Photo by Andrew Frey

FLOTSAM AND JETSAM

Not only was August 6 a full-moon lunar eclipse, but it was also the Flotsam and Jetsam concert at the Colorado Indoor Sport Complex. The day went fairly well, with the exception of Andrew and I both getting flat tires just before the show. Inevitably, this delayed the interview with the band.

I wanted to inform the guys of the delay, so I flagged down the first person I saw wearing a laminate. This person just happened to be Troy Gregory, bassist extraordinaire for Flotsam and Jetsam. He asked me if I had any booze. Unfortunately, I did not, but offered to take him to the liquor store. He hopped in and we were off. Troy told me about the side project he's been working on. It sounds very different from Flotsam and Jetsam—a lot like Joy Division. I was impressed by his wide range of musical tastes, but I should have expected it, since he was once the bassist for Waysted Youth.

When we returned from the liquor store, we set the interview for after the show. The concert itself was powerful and a genuine treat for those of us who had been waiting to see them live. It lived up to my expectations, in spite of the fact that security wouldn't allow a pit. The show also seemed to run a bit long, but that isn't much to complain about.

When the show finally ended, I had a chance to talk to Troy again, this time with my tape recorder on. So here it is, the twisted words and views of Troy Gregory.

Photo by Andrew Frey

Eric A.K.

¿ = Amy (CLOT)

T = Troy

¿ What are the reactions so far to the new album, *When The Storm Comes Down*?

T: Gasp, shock, horror.

¿ Are there any videos to watch for?

T: The "Suffer the Masses" video, directed by Peter Hewitt. It's pretty neat, man. I'd like to do another one for "The Master Sleeps."

¿ On *No Place For Disgrace*, you spoke out against censorship. How do you feel about the actions taken towards 2 Live Crew?

T: Well, not just that, but anything in any form of the media. There's these one-sided, one-dimensional people that set morality standards, be it in literature, film, or music. Any rational way of thinking that disrupts these people's linear way of thinking is redundant, and I have no part in that way of thinking because it's been proven in every society that has tried to do that incorporate censorship into itself. The thing is, it's definitely based on religious groundings and political view points, and when people try to tell you it's not, they're liars. They're full of shit because it is. That's just the way it is, and politics are just as much of a fallacy, because they're in there hyping religion. Religion is survival. People need to survive. Politics are just excuses. "I don't want people in my backyard because of this," or "I hate them because of this." Excuses. Childish, playground grumblings.

¿ You do the majority of the writing. Did you find it difficult "fitting in" with the band, or were you all friends before?

T: No. Well, we fight all the time. I think you need that tension. We're all doing something completely different from each other, and we have one sort of common denominator. I don't know what that is, but whatever it is, it's Flotsam and Jetsam. But we get along sometimes, too.

¿ How often do you get together?

T: Well, we practice like five times a week. As far as hanging out, we rarely do. Kelly and Mike tend to do a lot of fishing together. Eric and I do a lot of partying together. I like to hang out with my split personalities, have a few drinks, and enjoy my company. Once in awhile I'll run into Ed at a club and laugh.

¿ Why didn't you play "Iron Tears"?

T: We wanted to play more of the new record. You play what you're more enthusiastic about playing. "Iron Tears" is great, but we're more enthusiastic about the newer things. When we were getting ready to rehearse for this tour, we all wrote down the songs we wanted to play. And the ones we play are the ones that won. You can only give people honesty. That's all you can give. Maybe sometime we'll think of playing it. We throw in some weird songs now and then. We just started playing "M-Tech." You know, we'll throw in "I Live, You Die" or "Fade To Black." Stuff like that.

¿ What are some of your influences or favorite bands?

T: I like Tom Waites, Killing Joke, Julie Cruz, Black Sabbath, Einsturzende Neubauten.

¿ Is the rest of the band into alternative music also?

T: No. Eric A.K. loves Frank Sinatra. Mike Gilbert likes AC/DC and Steve Morse. Ed Carlson likes the Ramones and Marillion. And Kelly Smith likes Frank Zappa and Death Angel.

¿ So you have a good mix of tastes and influences to draw from.

T: Right, but it's getting to the point where it's like "I wanna hear Van Halen" or "I wanna hear Aerosmith." About the only thing we agree on is Elvis.

¿ What's the scene like in Phoenix? Any new bands we should watch for?

T: Scenes are either here or they're there. I don't really pay attention to it much. I don't really go out that much. I'll go see shows from out of town, but there are a few bands that are alright. I'm not from Phoenix. I'm from Detroit. I don't like the sun, so I stay in all day.

¿ What are your future plans?

T: Well, we're going to tour Europe and Japan, then come back here to do a few more shows. We've already started writing for the next album. We're going to try to make the next record in the best representation for that moment.

¿ When will the tour end?

T: January or February, something like that. We hope to have an album out a lot sooner than people would expect. We might even do an EP. We'll see.

¿ Final message to all?

T: Save up enough money to buy a bra for your pet rock, but have enough change left over to ride the zipper!

¿ Words of wisdom, Troy. P.S. You still owe me three bucks!

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When I woke up in the morning I could sense death in the air, not just your ordinary stench of corpses rotting in the gutter, but a certain type of death that can only affect your ears. You guessed it: Death Metal. Obituary was in town, and when I found out I had to work that night I went out and bought a wrecking ball and leveled my neighborhood before I went in. Some of us have to work; not all of us can sit in line all day and drink...lucky fuckers. So to make a long story short, I missed Obituary, and my ears will never be the same. But I did interview them, and we even partied a bit. But no bottle in the world could make up for missing one of the only death metal bands to hit this sloppy cowtown in a long time. So here's to all you Denver death/grindcore fanatics. You rule, and enjoy the interview. Still kicking myself, Tom.

¿ = Tom
F = Frank
T = Trevor

¿ How many years have you been playing guitar?

F: Since the band formed Donald played the drums for about a year and we started playing together and basically taught each other.

¿ Where are you guys going after this show?

F: We are going to Europe and we are going to headline.

¿ For how many days?

J: Right now forty, but it will probably be sixty by the end of our tour.

¿ The album *Slowly We Rot* is eight tracks, right? And totally heavy. What do you have to say about that? Do you need a twenty-four track?

J: No. We used that because we wanted it to sound clean and be perfect.

¿ What is the new album like?

F: and **J:** Brutal!!

¿ What's the title?

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Trevor Peres

F: *Cause of Death.*

¿ What are some of the song titles?

J: "Turned Inside Out," "Body Bag" and "Circle of the Tyrant," a cover we do, by Celtic Frost.

¿ Right on, that's one of their heaviest songs, from way back when. What did you think of Denver tonight?

J: Great, we loved it!

¿ Even though I missed you, I can't even begin to stress the fucking disappointment in that. I planned for the show three weeks in advance. Denver is a thrashing town.

F: Yeah, it is. It's happening.

¿ Everyone was telling me they were brutal, and I'm like, fuck you man.

F: We were freaking. They got a chant going; we were tearin[illegible]wn the equipment and they were chanting. I was freaking out, I was like, yeah!

¿ When do you think you will be back?

J: Well, we are going to Europe and nothing has been planned yet, but when we get back we hope to do another American tour.

¿ So what inspires you to play brutal death grind?

J: Celtic Frost, Possessed and Slayer.

¿ What about the new grind stuff?

J: I like Death, if you want to call them new.

¿ What about all the Earache stuff?

Photo by Kurt Hubert

Frank Watkins

J: It's alright. I'm not influenced by it.

F: I'm the only one in the band besides John who likes grind.

¿ Really?

J: I got Napalm Death. I love Napalm, but it doesn't influence me. I listen to it, but it doesn't make me write that way.

F: Our singer John does backup vocals on one of the songs.

¿ Oh yeah? Right on! So who influences you to play bass?

F: Mike from C.O.C., bass god.

¿ What about your old band, Hellwitch? You guys werebrutal.

F: I just could not get along with the members. It's hard to explain; it's like a big soap opera. I was in the band, then out of the band, then back in. We're friends, but I just can't play in a band with them. They are Morbid Angel clones.

¿ You mean Morbid Angel are Obituary clones?

F: Yeah, you could say that.

¿ What do you like to do in your spare time?

J: Smoke pot. That's about it.

F: I like to go to the gym and burn refer and listen to killer grindcore. I love Paradise Loss, Entomed, and I love Death.

¿ What about Autopsy? You probably like them.

F: Yeah, they give me a boner!

¿ What's your favorite from of snack chip?

J: Jumpin' Jack Doritos.

F: Well, I like those Gator Crunchers. They make your mouth bleed; they're like really hot and they cut your mouth. Death fuckin' chips.

¿ So what do you want to say to Clot readers in Denver?

J: To look for *Cause of Death* and Obituary in the future. Be cool and mature, but be yourself over anything.

F: Say no to drugs; we smoke pot, but say no anyway.

¿ What does the future look like for Obituary?

F: It looks great for us. We are going to be at Metallica status, but playing like we play.

[As security goons appear and make everyone leave the area.] Closing words from Obituary:

See you later, We will be back in Denver soon!!

Photo by Kurt Hubert

John Tardy

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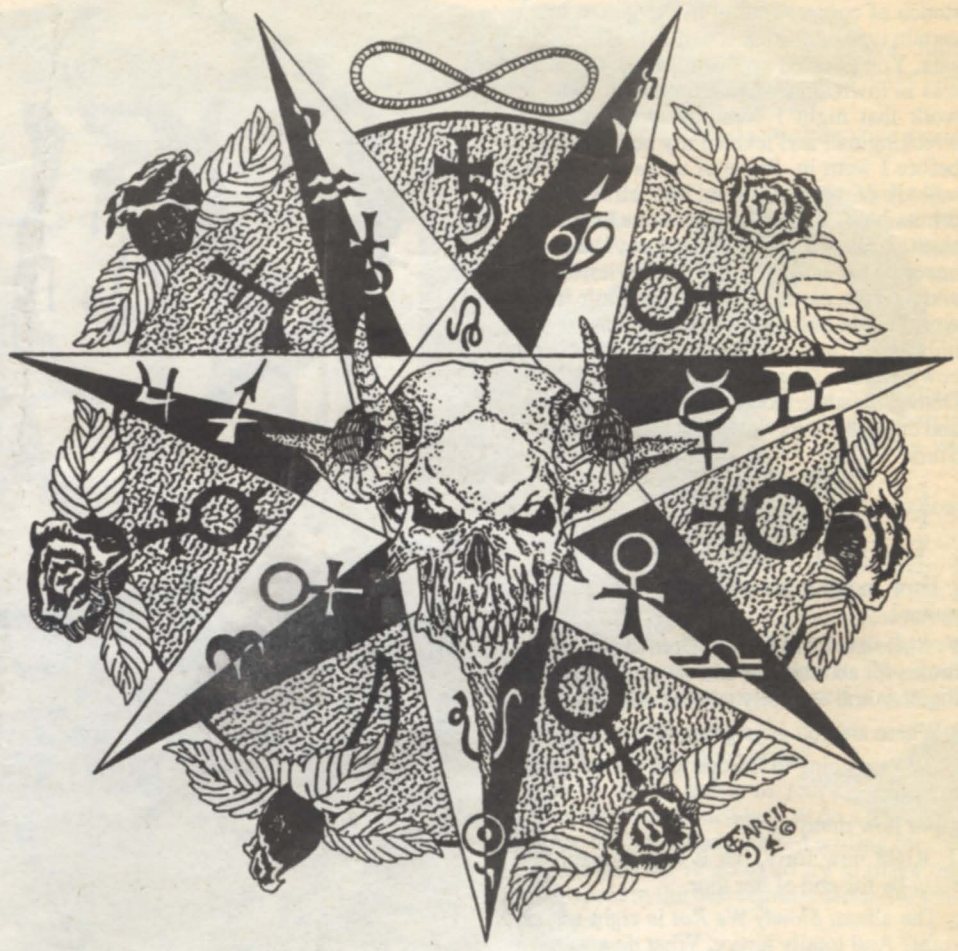

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Marijuana on the move

By Gregory Daurer

One of the more colorful tours scheduled to roll into Colorado this summer isn't a rock show, but the politically green "Hemp Tour," which is being run by proponents of the marijuana plant's commercial uses. The tour's organizers say they want to spread the news that this much-maligned herb will produce not just smokeable material, but also more methanol (a gasoline alternative already in use is some Denver buses) than any other bio-mass on the planet: Enough to support *all* of our energy needs and leave ethnocentric grumblings about Middle-Eastern "towel-heads" stealing "our oil" mere memories of the distant past.

As oil prices rise, the numbers get real interesting," says Ben Masel, a chief Hemp Tour organizer and Wisconsin gubernatorial candidate. "Hemp's a renewable, relatively nonpolluting resource that would stay in the hands of Wisconsin farmers. It's serious-money economic development. Our governor's idea of economic development was to build dogtracks, for which the state gets $15 million a year, which is peanuts next to what we can do with hemp."

Not only does documentation exist regarding hemp for methanol, but also for the following: It's fibers can be used in textiles and building materials; its stems are the source for the cheapest paper on the planet, at one-fourth the cost and one-fifth the pollution of producing paper for trees; and its seeds' uses range from a high-protein food to high-quality oil.

Informational displays, the sale of hemp clothing, speeches and videos (like the U.S. Government's 1942 film, *Hemp for Victory*, which encouraged WWII farmers to grow hemp) are the tour's modus operandi. Working in conjunction with local promoters, the tour will have reached fifty U.S. cities by the end of November.

The idea for the Hemp Tour came to Masel after several experiences organizing the country's largest annual pot protest, The Great Midwest Harvest Festival, held during the last weekend in September. Each year ten to twenty thousand people attend this event; for his efforts, Masel was named *High Times*' "Counterculture Hero of the Year" in 1988.

Instead of continuing to fly in speakers, Masel figured, why not take the information on the road and reach more people, attract more local speakers, and generate more local publicity? This is the tour's second year, and its first time in Colorado.

An unorthodox political candidate and thinker, Masel wears tie-died shirts and has long hair, like many Deadheads. He posed nude for his campaign poster. "The nice thing about being a Republican candidate is that a certain amount of dirty campaigning is expected," he says.

Despite the seeming novelty of his political race and message, Masel is armed with hard facts with which to sway the public.

"It's really easy to talk to even the straightest looking people,like I do, when your subject is cash-dollars and your pocket."

The Hemp Tour's Colorado schedule as of press time: October 8 at noon at the courthouse in Boulder (on the Pearl St. Mall); October 9 in Fort Collins, location TBA; October 10 at 6 p.m. at Temple Center, 1595 Pearl St. in Denver (860-9400); and October 10 at noon at the State Capital in Denver. For more information, contact the Hemp Tour at (608) ALS-KILO.

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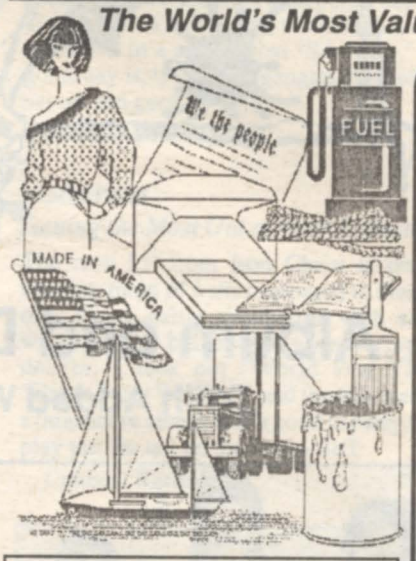

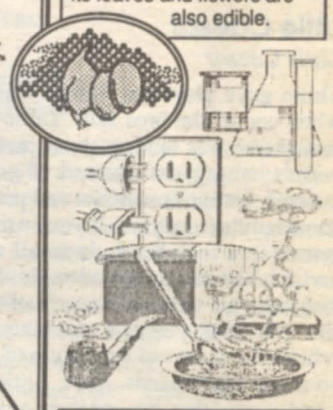

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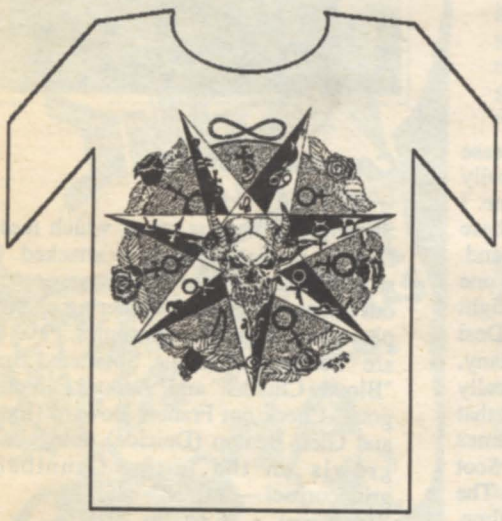
Recommended Reading: *The Emperor Wears No Clothes* by Jack Herer



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Little Caesar
Little Caesar

These guys played at Sturgis this year, but when one of the bros said "Little Caesar," I thought he was talking about pizza! I said I wasn't hungry, and instead of going to the concert, I went downtown and passed out in some lady's front yard. If you're trying to get started in a rock band, do us all a big favor and don't be like these dudes. Go ahead, grow long hair, get tattooed, wear leather and look like you think you're a real biker, but don't rehash the same old tired style of music like so many other bands. Sure, Little Caesar is good at what they do, and there are one or two songs I might even listen to again, but as far as originality and musicality are concerned, they just basically flunk out. The production is good, but the tunes are predictable, and contain too many of the same old chord changes. Do the PR people at Geffen really think anyone wants to read a seven-page biography? I hope the band's tattoos have fewer typos than their bio does. Overall, it's their lack of solid innovation that makes them a "little" Caesar, not a big one.
—Frank Roncalio

Geffen Records

Death Angel
Act III

Death Angel's third album (as if the name didn't give that away) has got to be their best album to date. It might not be "hard" enough for fans of *The Ultraviolence* or maybe even *Frolic Through the Park*, but it shows lots of growth as musicians and songwriters, from the seemingly endless thrash of the "Seemingly Endless Time" to the steady grind of "Stagnant," then with "Veil of Deception" and "A Room with a View" put in when you thought they were just another thrash band. Get the album, listen to it, and love it. —Eric

Geffen Records

Album and Demo Reviews

(With Added Words of Wisdom)

Crosstown
Live Wire

This is a very straight-forward rock band. They are quite excellent musically. The production leaves a lot to be desired, which is a drag because it makes it hard to hear everything. Some of the better cuts include "That Girl," which features some brutal bass work from bassist Jerome Scaife, "Wait" which is a fast-paced song with some killer soloing from guitarist-singer Dennis Gameros. "Without You" cranks, and the instrumental "Those Who Must Be Kept" is excellent. The drummer, Ed Garza, is very good, but seriously buried in the mix most of the time, and when he isn't, his drums sound like they are being played through a tube. But Crosstown is a hot band, and *Live Wire* is a good album. Remember to support local music! —Pete

Nicolas Records
P.O. Box 9054
Denver, CO 80209

Pigmy Love Circus
Alive and Shake 'n' Baking

A joke-deluxe band kinda like GWAR, as evidenced by such tunes as "Dagwood killed Blondie Tonight." Funny, intelligent, and live, with lots of "drinking" songs. Silly, sappy, clever, and drunken rockin' stuff. Gimmicky? Fun nonetheless; a great bar band. Love the line to Axl: "Buns N' Posers" he calls 'em. —Rx

XXX Records

Anthrax
Persistence of Time

The time is now for the megathrash trend. With bands like Exodus, Flotsam and Jetsam, and Testament getting the "major label" push, it's easy to see who's got the lasting creative talents. I used to like Anthrax until the last wretched slab of garbage surfaced. Now, all of these bands seem to be taking the major plunge. Mega production, massive media hype, incredible packaging... Well, the packaging on this alone is enough to make me vomit. Somewhere along the line, the band seems to have developed an inferiority complex. Sure, the fisheye photos are kinda cool, but seven shots? And what happened to the jams? Plus there's that stupid, pathetic drawing of the band. The music? Basic mega-produced thrash with the basic Anthrax vocals. —Andrew

Island Records

D'Molls
Warped

Appropriately titled, D'Molls second release kind of left me with that feeling. It basically has the same sound throughout each tune. I also couldn't help but think how much these guys sounded like a really good local band. This was probably due to the fact that no one song really seized my ear. The band is tight and has a cool sound, but lead singer Desi Rexx uses rolling r's a few times too many. A gimmick's a gimmick, but it doesn't really work in the first place. Another gimmick that doesn't go over that well is cute little names like Desi Rexx, Lizzy Valentine, and S. Scot Priest (though I kind of like that one). The lyrics make little sense most of the time, relying more on rhyme and slick cliches, The last song, a piano ballad "Father Time," reminded me of the Kiss classic "Beth," and didn't really fit in with the rest of the tunes. I did love Priest's guitar work, but that does not a keeper make. —Bradley Ryan

Atlantic Records

Do you have and album, demo, zine, or comic that needs to be reviewed? This is the place!
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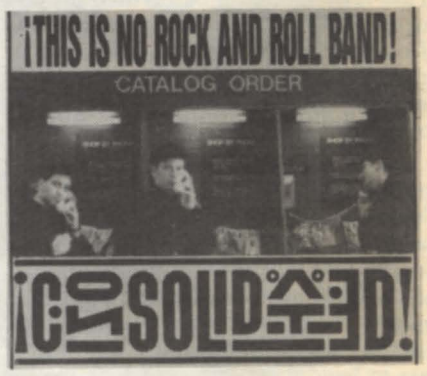

Consolidated
The Myth of Rock

This debut album is spreading controversy all over the U.S. because of the band's anti-racist, pro-awareness and generally liberal political message. Consolidated is getting played a lot on college radio and in clubs, so a lot of people must dig them. These San Franciscans are blending everything from industrial to hip-hop to Public Enemy, and even some samples from Flavour Flav, but it is their ideology that sets them apart. For example, "White American Male" includes this exchange: "I'm embarrassed to be of my race, I'm embarrassed to be a white male today," answered by "You ought to be, you ought to be." (Seems like a condradiction, since all three members are white American males.) Song titles like "Fight the Fascists" and "Stop the War Against the Black Community" say it all, but above these political messages is some great industrial music. Favorite cuts include "Message to the People," "This is a Collective," "Strike" and "Consolidated." Try this one out and it's going to be your view of the world, like it or not. —Danny Bled

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Cannibal Corpse
Eaten Back to Life

Some pretty vicious tunes, which resemble Deicide in the way they're attacked. Good structures and lyrics to make your colon fall out your rectum, with blistering changes to please any zombie-core cronies. Fave tracks are "Scattered Remains, Splattered Brains," "Bloody Chunks," and "A Skull Full of Maggots." Check out Francis Howard (Incubus) and Glen Benton (Deicide) doing back-up growls on the latter. Cannibalistic grindcorpse! —Jeff

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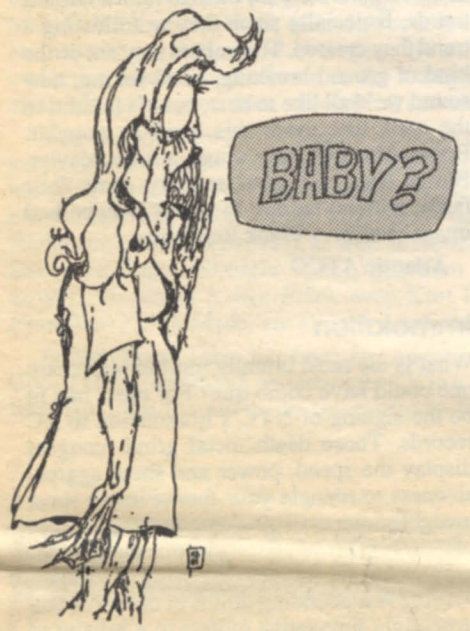
Deicide
Deicide

This is extreme satanic death thrash from Florida that will impale you right to an upside down crucifix and have your guts spilling all over the place. Produced by Scott Burns, this shit is way lethal. First off, the drummer of this band is brutal. His doubles are really impressive, and I'd really like to see him fuck it up live. My only gripe is that the vocals get kind of annoying after awhile, and there are times when the leads get a little radical, but aside from that the tunes are brutal. The first song, "Lunatic of God's Creation," is about Charles Manson and states exactly what the dude was. Other tracks that kick ass are "Carnage in the Temple of the Damned," "Day of Darkness" and "Blackerion." My advice is to pick this up and see for yourself, but I wouldn't advise turning your priest on to it. —Bob

Roadrunner



Jane's Addiction
Ritual De Lo Habitual

I don't know what the big deal is with the Spanish title and intro on the first song, but this is fuckin good! It took two years for a follow-up to *Nothing Shocking*, but fans won't be disappointed. As usual, Perry Farrell rules the band, having already created enough problems with his album cover art (too controversial) that the record company plans to ship some copies in a white wrapper emblazoned the First Amendment. A lot of tempo changes on this album, and Dave Navarro's guitar work is getting better and better. Out of all their releases, which include two albums and one EP, this is by far the best produced. My favorite tracks are "Stop" (the first single), "Three Days" and "Classic Girl." "Been Caught Stealing" shows an interesting beginning, with the sound of barking dogs. which lends to the theme of somebody who enjoys stealing. This is a must for the hardcore fans, and as for you who have never heard of this band before, you'll soon be addicted to whatever Jane is addicted to. —Danny Bled

Warner Bros.

Libido Boyz
Childhood Memories

This three-song EP is all right, middle-of-the-road punk; not too much to make me want to listen to it again, except for "Don't Be Punishing Yourself on Me." I really liked the bass in it. You might like it. —Eric

Red Decibel Records

N.W.A.
100 Miles and Running

Damn this shit is dope. I love this stuff. These guys are getting better with every album. The rhythms on this tape are great. Get a load of "It Don't Matter," which is about sucking on the big one and has the sweet porno beat to it. They even do a drug deal with the police and waste-um in a song called "SA-Prize." All I got to say is, if you like gangsta shit pick this uzi up and gank. —Bob

Priority Records

Ironchrist
Getting the Most Out of Your Extinction

The new LP from Iron Christ is out and creating more of a stir compared to their first one. Good guitar production with sort of weak drums, but overall a cool vinyl endeavor. Check out "World War Three," "Crack Party Weeked," and the title track for a thrashcore album that's good to party to and play pin the tail on the ass! —Jeff

Colossal Records

Conspiracy
Lack Of Society

I bet these guys are really big fans of the Crumbsuckers. The only difference in sound is the singer's voice. It's a little wimpier also. Now wait a minute: I was a Crumbsucker fan too, so I really do like this tape. The lyrics to "Lack of Society" are to true. But then the growl at the beginning of "Sea of Rage" really lacks originality. If you like the Crumbsuckers go ahead and pick up this tape enjoy the four tracks they try and force down your throat. —Eric

Conspiracy
947 Wabash Rd.
Venice, FL 34293

Skatenigs
After I saw the Skatenigs in concert, I immediately called the publicist from Wax Trax! (the label, not the store), and asked her for the scoop on the dudes. A couple days later I got the tape. Just two songs here, but oh what appetizing tidbits they are. The intro to "Chemical Imbalance" is a twisted, blunt idea of what the Skatenigs are all about, and must be heard to be believed. I find the song itself to be very well assembled and quite powerful. The anthemic "Damage 43" asks one simple question: Why can't they see the big picture? More Texan psycho weird shit. —Andrew

Wax Trax!

Northwinds
Sleep with Evil

This is best described as a heavier Black Sabbath with a singer who isn't nearly as good as Ozzy was. He spends most of his time screeching and screaming and generally drawing away from the music, which ranges from mid-tempo to speed metal and to very heavy. This album would be very good if I could deal with the singer. —Eric

Black & Blue Records
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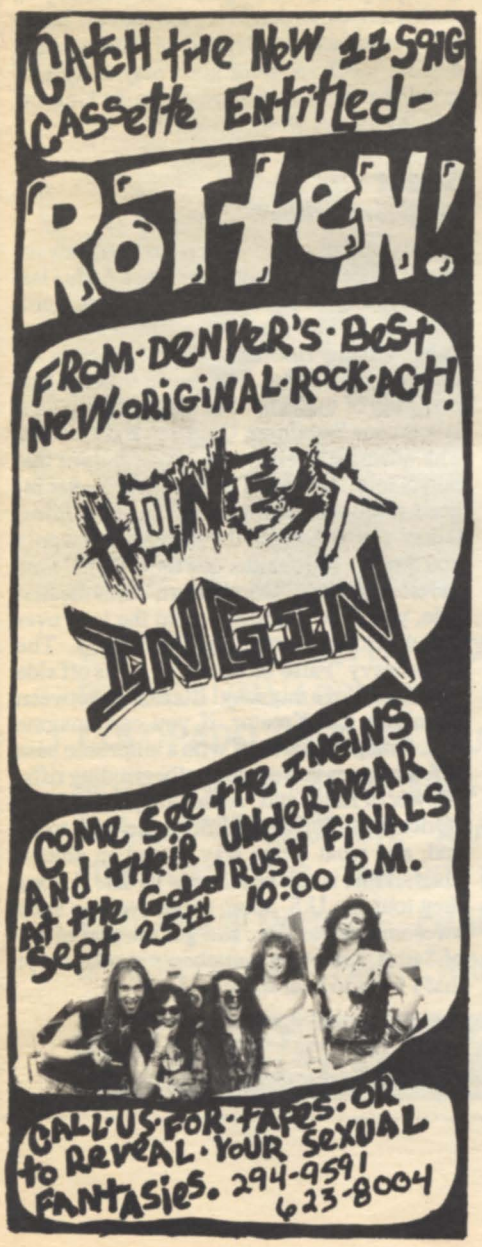
Smithfield, RI 02917

Who farted on my octopus?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Skin Yard
Fist Sized Chunks

With a leading "thanx" credit going out to former Black Flag guitar wizard Greg Ginn, this album is much of what you'd expect: a mid-Eighties hardcore sound which features intricate guitar work, but in a progressive mode, a la Soundgarden. My fave cut is the opener, "Ritual Room," which features supurb, growling vocals, and that's all I recall. —Rx

Cruz Records
P.O. Box 7756
Long Beach, CA 90807

Swingin' Teens
Transfixation

This is the re-release of the first album by this Iowa City band, and it's pretty hot, with sort of a punk-metal sound. The band consists of guitarist Tracy Peterson, bassist Matt Panschar, drummer Todd Petterson, and vocalist Johnny Random. Some of the better songs are "Tricky Situation," "Tell Me a Lie," "Death Personified," and "Greenbriar Inn." —Pete

Rotz Records
730 N. Lasalle St.
Chicago, IL 60610

Obituary
Cause of Death

It was a little hard to put this review on paper, because after I heard this new Obituary I was grinding so hard I impaled my head on a bowl of artificial fruit and was taken to Denver General and charged an ungodly amount of money to have the plastic banana removed from my forehead. This LP is totally heavy and totally death. My favorite song is "Dying," because of its brutal double bass and relentless guitar grind. Other songs that kill are "Find the Arise." "Chopped in Half," and a totally heavy version of Celtic Frost's "Circle of the Tyrants." The production kills and John Tardy's vocals are truly deadly. —Tom

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Ministry
In Case You Didn't Feel Like Showing Up (Live)

The first thing that comes to mind when listening to Ministry's new release is just how energetic the show really was. It's like being at the show, but hearing every detail that you missed because you were too fuckin' busy to get out of the slampit, or recovering from a dive from the fence. If you weren't there you missed what was probably the best hardcore industrial show of last year. That's the first reason to check out this album. They probably threw this shit out to keep the fans happy for awhile, since all the bandmembers are involved in different projects. The title of their new album is called, *Tapes of Wrath*, and definitely won't be out before next year. Music-wise this is just the same stuff from their best two releases, *The Land of Rape and Honey* and *The Mind is a Terrible Thing to Taste*. The only difference is that its got a live feel to it. With two drummers, four guitarists and guest performances by members of Revolting Cocks, Dead Kennedys, Rigor Mortis and Skinny Puppy, this is definitely live; nothing is done with sampling (which most industrial bands use when they're on tour). There are six songs on this album; the best are "Stigmata," "Thieves" and "So What." Also released is a video featuring scenes from tour, and which contains two additional songs. If you dig Ministry, this one can't be left out of your collection. —Danny Bled

Pantera
Cowboys From Hell

This is a seriously kick-ass album; Pantera definitely puts the "power" in power metal. From the start they're kicking it with the title cut. Other great songs include "Primal Concrete Sledge," "Psycho Holiday," "Heresy" and "Domination." And that's just part of it. Phillip Anselmo's vocals are wicked, Diamond Darrel is nasty with the licks, Rex is hot with the bottom end, and Vinnie Paul is fucking brutal on drums. —Pete

Atlantic

Intruder
Escape From Pain

After lollygagging their way into the 90s, these mega-thrash gods finally throw a few crumbs to the anxiously awaiting. I say a few crumbs, because this is only an EP. I guess you'll have to call it short but sweet, because no matter how short, the tape still contains the world's heaviest cover of Chicago's "25 or 6 to 4," three songs off their first album, and the title track. Rambunctious music to pierce your nipples to. —Andrew

Metal Blade

Warrior Soul
Last Decade Dead Century

If you like reality in your music, this is an album for you (the title alone says a lot). This album features an aggressive yet slow metal style that matches the lyrical context. "The Losers" and "We Cry Out" are anthems for anyone who's been cut out of the social elite, and songs like "Trippin' on Ecstacy" and "Superpower Dreamland" give you an overall view of life and our corrupt government. If you dislike society and are high on reality, this is a must-have. But if you're into songs about rolling around on the floor in front of a roaring fire, I think Poison has another excuse for an album out. —Joel Wojcik

Geffen Records

Johnny Van Zant
Brickyard Road

Okay, so here's a guy who's been doing his thing since the 70s without ever going very far. He's never tried to capitalize on his brothers' fame, or follow mindless trends, and you've gotta respect him for that. I've always liked his brand of Southern Rock, and so I was a little disappointed that this new album has drifted toward the pop-rock spectrum, and lost a lot of the Southern flavor. Anyone who appreciated Lynyrd Skynyrd would have to be moved by "Brickyard Road," a song lamenting Johnny's pain over the death of his brother Ronnie. The whole world suffered, so tribute songs are definitely in order, but when will someone do a tribute song for Allen Collins? Allen got mangled in that same plane wreck, he endured years of pain and therapy, but kept on rockin' with the rest of the survivors. His wife died during a miscarriage, leaving him with two young daughters. Then the Rossington Collins Band broke up. His solo project got dumped by MCA, and then he got in a car wreck that killed his girlfriend and left him paralyzed and basically unable to play. After lots more suffering, his death went virtually unnoticed by the world. Now there's a dude who deserves a tribute song! —Frank Roncalio

Atlantic

Assault

What a shock! I was pretty impressed (no offense guys). This prerelease of the ucoming demo is done very well. And the music? Well, I never imagined Assault was this thrashy. "Running Through the Night" rages. So does "War Zone." It's all pretty good thrash. If you can't get your hands on a tape, go check them out live. —Eric

Assault
(303) 692-0968

Take the #2 lead pencil, insert it into your nose and rotate till it is well-inked with blood...

Winger
In the Heart of the Young

I don't know what it is about Kip and the boys I like, but whatever it is, it works. His latest is pretty damn good. I'll confess, I never heard many of the tracks off his first album, outside of the two or three songs that got airplay. "Can't Get Enuff" is getting a lot of airplay, and with good reason. It has the kind of polish every band strives for in a tune. It's not the greatest song, but it rocks in just the right way. "Baptized by Fire" starts out like a Joe Satriani practice session, and "You are the Saint, I am the Sinner" gets a little gonzo-fast-hard. Both were a little unexpected, but very cool! All this praise from someone who isn't even a Winger fan. I dig it and recommend it, especially for popping in the player when you and yours are getting...well...romantic!
—Bradley Ryan

Atlantic Records

Ice Cube
AmeriKKKa's Most Wanted

New, fresh gangsta rap from NWA's Ice Cube, this is hip-hop bebop tape, funny and very well-executed, with many themes and strong lyrical content. The Compton, CA, boys are back and AK-47's the tool. This tape is played daily in my deck, and there are too many outstanding tracks to list. Definitely not from the gankin' zone. —Jeff

Priority Records

Sinnerfold
S.I.N.

Yo, Plastic, hand me that Sinnerfold tape. Okay, Ganker it's your ears, not mine; shit you ain't going nowhere. Get Farmdog over here too. "In the Beginning" we thought this was Moldy Crud, but to our suprise it wasn't; it was Sinnerfold pulling a jack move on the Crue. If they had any game they'd cut their make-up and get some cover-up. Ganker replies: I wanna know when Michael becomes Michelle and visa-versa. Meanwhile Plastic is wondering, why am I holding this bag (band photo) god,ish,ew,ick. The first track is totally reminiscent of "Red Hot," but is heavy excitement at it's finest (meanwhile Farmdog pulls a splinter out of his eyeball and pukes); these guys are fuckin' cute! That's when Troy Harder says, you have to get to the hard, cold facts. The vocals suck, not to mention the tinny production. I'm the least bit impressed! Don't worry, were still pissed; this shit even made a five-year-old cry, and run off squealing. Tracks off this power pack of screaming babble are "Show It to Ya," "Got a Hold on Me," and if "Dirty Tricks" isn't enough to ruin your dinner, then "Turn This Town Upside Down" will turn your stomach. Troy replies: This will make you grab for the vomit air sack and have you asking the flight attendant for a side order of a corn cheese dog and diarrhea, (this is one plane that definitely crashed). To sum this tape up, it is truly a Theater of Pain. Rated no—no originality! —Farmdog, Ganker, Plastic and Troy Harder

Sinnerfold
PO Box 2542
Colorado Springs, CO 80901

Bad Company
Holy Water

If you like Bad Co., then you'll like their new album. Since these guys were so influential in the 70s, it's okay for them to follow current trends. Especially since they're following a trend they created. This record may not be the kind of ground-breaking, trend-setting, new sound we'd all like to hear, but it's faithful to the style that made this band so popular. Personally, I like my music a little heavier. But at least this band actually earns their fame, without having to resort to hype and image tactics. —Frank Roncalio

Atlantic/ATCO

Immolation

What is the most brutally morbid nightmare one could have come true? For me it had to be the signing of NYC's Immolation to RC records. Those death metal grind mongers display the speed, power and sheer aggressiveness to mangle your thorax into a most unsightly object. This demo creates an aura of hate with a low-end production that shreds, growly vocals (no-effects) of ultimate conviction, fast pounding drums of oblivion, and gruelingly innovative guitars in a lullaby of orchestrated murder. From the start of "Internal Decadence" to the end of "Despondent Souls," these apparent gods play a style of grind that will even have Satan jacking off with a monkey wrench. —Jeff

Sadus
Swallowed in Black

Finally, the album I've been anxiously awaiting. It's been two long years since Sadus last put anything out, and believe me it was worth the wait. This album is beyond their awesome debut album, *Illusions*. The production on this tape is so brutal. The music shows a fine maturing of the band: Sadus now fits in with labelmates Sepultura, Obituary and Deicide. The album starts off with an eerie intro that bursts into "Black." This is a new Sadus indeed, more convincing than ever. "Man Infestation" also follows in the same vein, but only you thrash a little harder this time. By the time the closing track, "Good Ridnz," ends the first side, you'll be jonesing to flip the tape over and hear the remaining five tracks. The megaheavy "False Incarnation" starts off side two; God I love this song! It's a cross between Sepultura and Kreator, if you can imagine that. "Images" starts off with a killer solo bass riff, then goes into some totally grinding riffs. "Power of Hate" and "Arise" are just as killer. "Oricale of Omission" brings the tape to an end, and what a fine way to end an album. Overall this is the best Sadus to date. I hope they tour the U.S. soon, so we can see such awesome power live, and get the real effect of Sadus. I have no complaints at all, except that I want to hear more. —Len

(Editor's note: *With this issue CLOT introduces a new movies/video column—no, not another rehash of the same dozen boring movies you saw at the Super Saver Cinema six months ago. Couch potato E.C. Jr. will examine alternative video choices, for those who crave genuine, eye-straining VCR satisfaction.*)

There's a lot to loathe in the new David Lynch flick, *Wild at Heart*. This overheated handjob suffers from a lame script, tedious characters, a demented ending, and too many artsy close-ups of cigarettes, bad teeth, and barf (who does this bozo think he is? Fellini? Polanski? R.J. Reynolds?). It should have been called *Stylish Fart*.

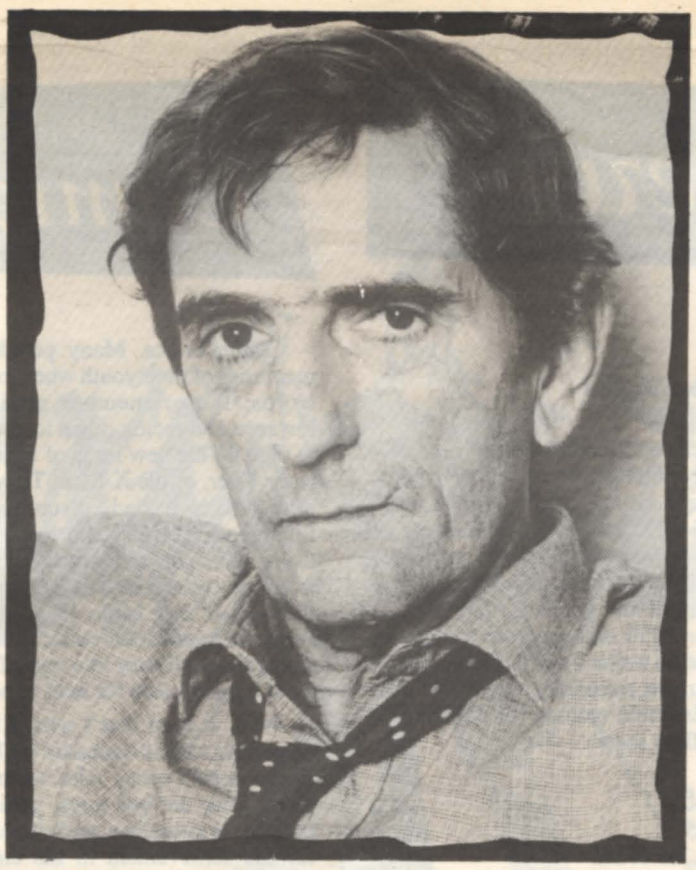
Lynch's worst crime, though, is squandering an impressive cast of goofballs, including Nicolas Cage, Crispin Glover, and Harry Dean Stanton. Cage (*Raising Arizona*) gets to impersonate Elvis and slobber bad poetry into Laura Dern's perky breasts; Glover (*River's Edge*) has a throwaway bit as a wacko with a bug up his butt; and Stanton is completely wasted as a flat, deadpan detective whose role seems to have wound up mostly on the cutting room floor.

More than anything else, this trashing of Stanton got me steamed. After all, we're talking about the legendary Harry Dean, a demon-infested character actor who's managed to bring his quirky magic to dozens of minor parts (and a few major ones) over the past thirty years. Any director who can't get a memorably weird performance out of this guy must not know what he's after.

OK, so maybe I've got a weakness for pockmarked, hollow-eyed, drifter types. But I think it's high time for a Harry Dean Stanton film festival. He is, after all, about as close to the edge as mainstream Hollywood ever gets. He's Mr. Outsider, a craftsman who's found a home on the seamy side, playing an array of psychos, con men, visionaries, and alienated loners.

You can measure Harry Dean's work by the company he keeps. Up in Telluride this month, the fat-cat film critics were honoring Clint Eastwood, of all people. Well, Harry Dean has played opposite Clint (*Kelly's Heroes*)—and Brando and Nicholson (*Missouri Breaks*), as well as Newman (*Cool Hand Luke*), Hoffman (*Straight Time*), Mitchum (*Farewell, My Lovely*), Hackman (*Cisco Pike*), even Kurt Russell (*Escape From New York*). Made 'em all look good, too.

In fact, Harry Dean has been just about everywhere, like God. You can catch him on late-night TV in a few low-budget westerns from the 1950s, in some hard-to-find 1960s biker



VIDEOMANIA

THE HARRY DEAN STANTON FILM FESTIVAL: WHY NOT?

By E.C. Jr.

flicks like *The Miniskirt Mob* and *Rebel Rousers*, and in the 1970s cult classic *Rancho Deluxe*. That's him playing an FBI geek in *The Godfather Part II*, chasing the cat and meeting up with the pointy teeth in *Alien*, and hanging out in the audience in *Roy Orbison: A Black and White Night*.

For a Stanton retrospective, I'd recommend four movies from the 1980s, when Harry Dean finally came into his own. All four are available on video, though one—*UFOria*—may be hard to locate.

First on the list is John Huston's *Wise Blood*, an extremely faithful adaptation of the Flannery O'Connor novel about warped Southern evangelism (is there any other kind?). Stanton plays a deliciously twisted street preacher who blinds himself for Jesus—or does he? Bonus: Brad Dourif (the stutterer from *One Flew Over the Cuckoo's Nest*) and Ned Beatty (the squealer from *Deliverance*) in the same movie.

Harry Dean is another kind of guru in Alex Cox's *Repo Man*, by far the best slice of punk nihilism ever to make it on film. As Bud, a beer-swilling, crank-snorting hustler in a cheap suit, he introduces Emilio Estevez to the code of the repo man ("Ordinary person spends his life avoiding tense situations; Repo Man spends his life getting into 'em"). His dream is to go indy, buy a tow truck and a couple of pit bulls...a masterpiece of its kind, and great hardcore-punk tunes, too.

UFOria is sort of a country-and-western version of *Repo Man*, with Stanton as a tent preacher (Brother Bud, no less) seeking to cash in on UFO hysteria in a small Southwestern town. Made in 1980, the film sat on a shelf for six years before finding a distributor—too damn quirky for the Mutant-Ninja-Nitwit crowd, that's my guess. Cindy Williams and Fred Ward (of *Tremors* fame) are the leads, but Harry Dean is the sleaze that glues this slight comedy together.

Finally, there's Stanton's one legitimate star turn: as Travis in Wim Wenders' *Paris, Texas*, a slow, brooding account of a burned-out drifter's attempt to put his estranged family back together. Desolate landscapes, a minimalist Ry Cooder score, and Nastassja Kinski with a Texas accent are all worth the price of admission, but this is basically Harry Dean's movie; he gets to act catatonic for the first twenty minutes before uttering his first word: "Paris." Then he shines shoes, sings a Spanish ballad, and delivers a massive monologue on the futility of obsessive love before riding his pickup into the sunset.

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Zine Reviews

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—Andrew

Factsheet Five #37 $3.00
6 Arizona Ave.
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The review king magazine from Mike Gunderloy. Reviews of everything from zines and videos to microfiche and T-shirts. This is a vital publication if you want to get in touch with what is out there in that big old world of ours (and it's a great place to find addresses too). —Andrew

Grot #6 $1
151 First Ave. Box A
New York, NY 10003

Interviews with Pink Lincolns, Retarded Elf, Rise Above Sludgeworth and Denver's own Warlock Pinchers, plus a few album and zine reviews. The pinup of Slymenstra Hymen (of GWAR) is worth a look too.
—Andrew

The Rocket
August 1990

2028 5th Avenue
Seattle, WA 98121

The infamous Seattle scene's monthly tabloid this issue features Debbie Harry on the cover, articles on the Time, Suicidal Tendencies, Katie Webster and World Beat. Contains the most comprehensive musicians' classifieds section I've ever seen, plus lots of show/club ads. Quasi-alternative but not really underground, and helpful in staying in touch with what our northwestern neighbors are up to. —Rx

Spinal Jaundice #10
7647 S. Pierce Way
Littleton, CO 80123

A superior quality local zine with a life of its own, *Spinal Jaundice* has been going at least a couple of years, and is one of the best sources I know of for information on the international noise/industrial underground scene. Issue #10 includes interviews with HHT and the Warlock Pinchers ("On the Road to Hell," a tour log), Dave Clark and Buffalo Tom. Gobs of audio and 'zine reviews; a bargain at whatever the price.
—Rx

Point #1
1030 Park Avenue West
Denver, CO 80205

The official publication of the Alternative Arts Alliance, this mini-mag is financed by your sales-tax dollars, courtesy of the Cultural Facilities District. Long-time artists Ed and Marcia Ward (of *Passion Press* fame), are heading it up, which explains the political bent of many of the articles. Also includes poetry and a 1958 excerpt from a piece by Beat-generation writer Tony Scibella. Lots of news you can use, especially if you're into the local arts. Essential reading for anyone into the local gallery scene. —Rx

Banzai #51
PO Box 6555
Kansas City, KS 66106

A slim little zine from Kansas covering the area scene. Has scene reports from Kansas City, St. Louis, and Colorado, plus interviews with Bang Tango, Sanctuary, and Steppenwolf. Mosh Pit distributes them, so you may be able to find some around the Denver area.
—Andrew

Tiamat #4
12905 W. 20th Ave.
Golden, CO 80401

This local 'zine gets better with every issue. What started out as one guy's Xeroxed jack-off has become an interesting, high-quality publication with intense ink drawings (the satantic influence shining through?), in-depth book and film reviews (sci-fi is a major interest), and some surprisingly well-written fiction. I found Roger Anderson's necrophilic "The Hit" particularly disturbing. It scares me that I'm on the "Thank you" list for this mag. What did I do to deserve this? —Rx

NOT Family Circus

"Don't fuckin' look at me! How was I s'pposed to know that 'Eat Shit' is an idiomatic expression?"

Sprogg #2
1148 Beechwood Road
Columbus, OH 43227

High-quality (but not slick) 40-pager includes cassette compilation of 22 featured/reviewed bands, all for only $5.49. Included are MC 900 Ft. Jesus, Cop Shoot Cop, Severed Heads, Helios Creed and Ultra Vivid Scene. Diversity in album/singles reviews, and delightful parody called "Not Family Circus" make this a bargain, as well as an off-the-wall delight. —Rx

Comic Confidential

Comic books. Many people have fond memories of their youth when they hear these words; they remember getting their allowance and racing down to the corner store to pick up the new issue of Spiderman, Fantastic Four, or the X-Men. They were prized possessions traded, discussed, and even fought over. But alas, the dreaded day always came when they returned home, probably from an overnight stay at Gramma's, and discovered that Mom had sold or thrown away their precious collection. Odds are a discerning collector like myself picked them up at a garage sale for next to nothing.

Well, at least that's what I think of. But these days, comic books are big business. The stories aren't corny tales of the good guys going after the bad guys, getting caught in precarious situations, and climaxing to a victorious achievement in the end. No, these days the bad guys sometimes win. These days the hero is sometimes plagued with evil or tempting thoughts. And thank God, these days the stories don't insult your intelligence, but challenge it.

Many of the best stories and artwork in comic books are done by independent labels, and are only available in in comic-book shops. Many are also printed in black-and-white, as this is cheaper than color printing. And a good number of them are "adult theme" comic books that you wouldn't typically find at the corner store. This new monthly column will review a selection of these "independent" comics.

The Crow, #1-4; Comic God J. O'Barr originally did *The Crow* back in February of 1989. The comic is so incredible that it's now on its third printing. The story is of Eric, who comes back in phantom form to hunt down the five thugs that viciously raped his girlfriend and brutally murdered them both. This is a MUST READ for any serious collector. The fifth and final issue is due out soon. The original printings are costly, but the story is so phenomenal the second and third printings are worth acquiring. Black and white. Caliber Press, 31162 W. Warren Ave., Westland, MI 48185. *[Ed. Note: This comic begins with poetry by Rimbaud, Voltaire and Ian Curtis. In other words, it's highly literate stuff.]*

Model by Day, #1: Most comics labeled "mature readers" are simply stories filled with gratuitous sex and violence. *Model by Day* is barely different. Lex, a martial arts expert and extremely top-heavy model, decides to use her fighting prowess to fight crime. Of course, she dons a costume that hides her face but hardly covers her centerfold-worthy lower half. She manages to squeeze this in between posing for revealing photo sessions and exercising her nymphomanic-paced libido. But the mag's flippant attitude towards sex and an almost interesting main character put it a little above average in its genre. Black and white. Rip Off Press, P.O. Box 4686, Auburn, CA, 95604.

Tales of the Green Hornet, #1-2: It's a typical story of the Green Hornet and Kato busting up a drug-smuggling ring, but with some interesting additions. Van Williams, who played the Green Hornet in the T.V. show. writes the script, and artist Dell Barras fully paints the story. The artwork alone is worth the investment, but the story is enjoyable as well. It's a two-part series—get 'em both! Fully painted in dazzling color. Now Comics, 332 S. Michigan Ave, Suite 1750, Chicago, IL 60604

A few others worth regard:

Zero Tolerance #2. First Printing. Color.

The Rocky Horror Picture Show #1. Caliber Press. Color.

The Wild Hild West #1. Millenium Corporation. Color.

Alias k5. Now Comics. Color.

Bats, Cats, and Cadillacs #2. Now Comics. Color. —Bradley

Exquisite Corpse, "Green, Yellow, and Red issues"; This is the strangest and most interesting series I've come across since reading the "Black Kiss" saga. These three comics have no number, just a color. All three must be read to understand the circular obscurity of them all. They don't have to be read in any order, because they each have parts of the story that relate to the other, but aren't chronologically connected. Sure this sounds confusing, but the way the comic works is just so damn tripped out, ya gotta check them out. The art and video images all add an extra touch. B & W. Dark Horse Comics —Andrew

Anyone interested in having their independent, underground or mini comics reviewed is encouraged to send them to Comic Reviews, C/O CLOT Magazine, PO Box 33330, Northglenn, CO 80233

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Orchestration Observation

How I Spent My Summer Vacation

By Frank Roncalio

It almost never fails. Just when you're sure that the whole world is completely fucked-up, some small thing comes along to remind you that there really are a few decent people left in our otherwise worthless and misguided society. Or, in this case, 300,000 decent people. All dressed in black leather.

When I wrote my article for the previous issue, I was frustrated and depressed about our society and the kind of people who seem to be in control. So I did what most frustrated bikers do—packed up and hit the road. I ended up in Sturgis, South Dakota, for the 50th anniversary of the Black Hills Rally.

For those of you who don't know, for 50 years Sturgis has been the home of the most prestigious biker event there is. Any biker worth a shit makes this annual pilgrimage to the Black Hills, where bikers from around the world come to party, ride, and just hang out in the company of fellow bikers. The rally gets bigger every year, and has drawn as many as 100,000 bikers in the past. Since this was the 50th anniversary, it comes as no surprise that over 300,000 bikers attended.

There were parties, concerts, races, bike shows, and a general carnival atmosphere. Main Street had bikes parked up and down both sides, with two rows down the middle, eight blocks long. Chapters of various clubs roared through town in tight formation. The sound of Harleys droned constantly at all hours of the day, and throughout the night (music to my ears). Despite the heat and massive crowds, I encountered no rudeness of any kind. Everyone I met was friendly, outgoing, and having a great time being there.

Politically speaking, this was a very significant event. Bikers have long been the object of scorn and criticism from various morality zealots. Just as McCarthyism created a blind panic-striken fear of "Commies" in the Fifties, our present "kinder-gentler" society has a similar fear of bikers. This fear is perpetuated by the way our media portrays bikers as lawless, drug-addicted scum. This year's rally drew considerable nationwide media attention due to it's size, and I think most media coverage was of a positive nature (with the exception of the tabloid TV show "Current Affair," which did a real negative slaughter-story that proves what blind, prejudiced assholes they really are).

Most of the "kinder-gentlers" would have you believe that a group of 300,000 bikers could be nothing but trouble. In reality, this year's rally was relatively trouble-free. Yes, it was a zoo—campgrounds were all full, the streets were clogged up, there were restaurants running out of food, etc., but what do you expect when over a quarter million people come to such a small town? Most of the bikers were pretty well-behaved, and I must admit that I've seen more filth and discourteous behavior at Elitch's than I ever have at Sturgis.

There were a few unfortunate incidents which really cannot be blamed on the bikers as a whole, but will no doubt be used as ammunition by the morality zealots. Eight or nine people died in bike wrecks. There were a few hundred DUIs. Members of two prominent national clubs started a brawl at Gunner's bar that left two dudes dead and eight injured. A biker from Australia freaked out with a butcher knife and had to be shot. I lost all my money gambling. But the number of drug arrests was rivaled only by the number of people who got married there. In a purely statistical sense, we behaved better than most other groups of 300,000 people.

Almost everyone there signed a petition against the proposed national helmet law, and the whole event carried a giant political message that better not be ignored—we exist in greater numbers than you think, we spend tons of money, we are capable of peaceful assembly, and therefore deserve to be treated with the same respect and consideration as any other large "special-interest group." We also throw bigger and better parties than the Republicans do....

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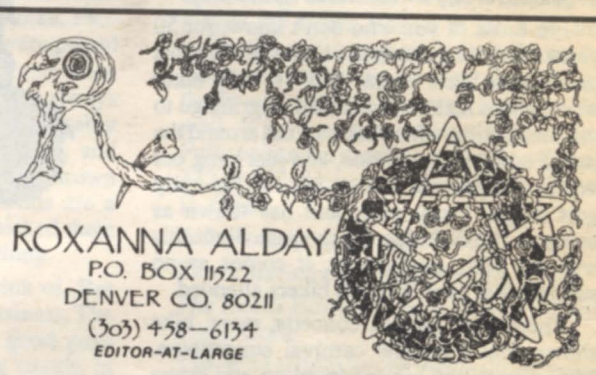

Classifieds

Musicians Available

Grindcore guitarist available. Call Robert Marfia at 388-4493.

Hot rock lead vocalist looking for already formed band. I have money, management, and even my own private limosine. Business orientated, successful recording project. Serious musicians only. Call Mark at 788-0792.

Superb drummer seeks metal band. Can sing. Experienced only. Influences include Ozzy, Sabbath, Maiden, Motorhead, Metallica, etc. No makeup or spandex. Dennis Pesicka, (605) 361-1589, 1901 S. Marion Rd., #102, Sioux Fall, SD, 57106.

The three boys were viciously smashing the rotted bird carcasses on their foreheads while casually feasting on a cookies-and-vomit milkshake.

Bassist available for originals and some covers. Have own equip/transpo. Dependable with experience. Influences: Black Sabbath, Metallica, AC/DC, Fates Warning, etc. Good bottom end with that evil twist. Leave message for Jeff at 830-7284 (days) or 469-0031 (eves).

Rhythm team. Drummer and bass player in search of career-minded guitarist and vocalist to form Denver's only true metal band. Chris, 428-1684.

Musicians Wanted

Hideous Corpse needs vocalist and drummer. Boulder, Golden, or Lakewood area. Grindcore influences include Entombed, Morbid Angel, Carcass, Napalm Death, and Abomination. Jeff or Chris, 582-3309.

Tyrants Reign, original progressive technical metal band seeking bassist with good equipment, attitude, and presence. Jason 690-0289 or Tim 369-0031.

Enemy Ace seeking a pro hard rock/heavy metal bass player. Must have a good attitude, be ready to play, and be a fast learner. Call Doc, 665-0950. Leave message.

Drummer and bassist in Longmont/Boulder area needed for sort of punk/core/trip band. Must have own equipment. Into Dead Kennedys, Jerry's Kids, and Tragic Mulatto. Call Andy at 772-3989 before 10:00 p.m. (weeknights only). No ego trips! Note: We're not pros, and we're 14 to 15 years old.

Vocalist needed to join Ego Tripp. Must be into all kinds of metal. Prefer someone under 16, must be serious and devoted. Brandon, 789-2522.

Punk band seeking drummer in Lakewood area. Must be willing to work with band. Call Sean at 988-3903 weekdays before 2:00 p.m.

Cerium seeks a kick-ass, dedicated drummer. Call Steve at 798-2338.

Throw the rice on the tulips and they will blossom and grow into a large maggot-ridden lizard with ugly pink eyes.

Bassist for North area band, The Unknown. Influences include Voivod, Ministry, Primus, Sepultura, dead horse and GWAR. It's not who your influences are, but what you do with them to create your own unique sound. Call 450-9380 (Andrew) or 651-0472 (Spazz).

Studio musicians interested in a short-term instrumental studio project (experience a must!), various styles, pros only, call Brett, 934-3123. Leave message.

Guitarist: Influences Tony Iommi through Kerry King. Looking for a bassist and drummer in East Denver. Call Doug 321-7646 before 10:00 p.m.

Wanted: bassist, drummer and synthesizer for 70s disco/grind-metal band. Influences include: Metallica, Village People, Carcass, KC & The Sunshine Band, Parliament, Funkadelic, Pestilence. Call Daven at 773-FOUL.

Vocalist wanted for country/Steve Vai-type band. Call Brian at 830-2176.

Psycho drummer wanted for precision speed metal band, Psychonaut. Must be seriously dedicated and into Slayer, Carcass, Infernal Majesty, Death, etc. Call Patrick Evil at 421-1725. If you aren't serious fuck off!

Thai Pink, Denver's only gypsy glam punk band is once again seeking a 16-to-24-year-old flamboyant yet gloomy guitarist and drummer for a fulltime music project. No wanna-be flakes. Influences include Vandals, Hanoi Rocks, Faster Pussycat, Tiger Tails, and N.Y. Dolls. Brian, 798-7463.

Strycnine looking for drummer. Double bass and good attitude a must. We're based in Colorado Springs, but we'll relocate if you can't. Call Mark at (719) 599-0628.

Services Offered

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Miscellaneous

To the moronic dirtbag no-dick low-life pile of scum who stole the purple B.C. Rich Mockingbird from the Guitar Merchants: We will not rest until your heart is ripped from your worthless, puny body and devoured by maggots. P.S. You're dead.

Musicians Wanted & Available are FREE, but these ads will run for only ONE issue of CLOT Magazine unless the staff receives a message (450-9380) or your order form through the mail for the ad to be printed in the next issue, either the same or with any changes.

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